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21 MAY 1986

# USSR Report

POLITICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL AFFAIRS



FOREIGN BROADCAST INFORMATION SERVICE

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21 MAY 1986

# USSR REPORT

## POLITICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL AFFAIRS

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## MEDIA AND PROPAGANDA

### UZBEK PARTY PROPAGANDA STUDIES DISCUSSED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 20 November 1985 carries on page 1 a 1,100-word lead editorial titled "The Propagandist" which discusses the training of propagandists at various types of party schools. In the new study year party committees have paid special attention to selecting and training leaders of party, economic, and theoretical seminars, and have sent most of them to Marxist-Leninist Universities to increase their knowledge, especially of the issues to be raised at upcoming congresses. The editorial notes that present conditions demand that propagandists be armed with revolutionary theory and the ability to analyze social phenomena. Experience of the last study year, however, shows that some of them emerged unable to analyze important problems or to rise above dry theoretical statements. Party committees must not permit such negative trends this year states the editorial. Studies must be organized so that effective forms and methods of instruction are used, which in turn will increase the interest of politics and economics for students. Besides lectures and seminars on theoretical issue, schools should conduct practical demonstrations of economic analyses; the editorial remarks that propagandists must be supplied with the necessary literature, study manuals, and instruction materials. Without the facts and figures that make it possible to analyze the economic situation in rayons and on farms they cannot relate their studies to actual conditions. Propagandists must also be familiar with the party's foreign and domestic policies.

### UZBEK TELEVISION, RADIO URGED TO IMPROVE PROGRAMMING

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 29 November 1985 carries on page 2 a 500-word item titled "The Effectiveness of Radio and Television Must be Increased" which states that on 26 November officials of the Uzbek SSR State Committee for Television and Radio Broadcasting held an open party meeting with employees to discuss the tasks facing them. R.Kh. Abdullayeva, secretary of the Uzbek CP Central Committee, spoke of the tasks entrusted to workers in the mass media, and stressed that since the 16th Plenum of the republic party a turnaround has been made in adopting new thinking in the area of establishing order and social justice. The mass media she notes, play a vital role in shaping social conscience. However, it is impossible to say that radio and television collectives have fully utilized their means for solving tasks. Very superficial programs are

being broadcast that poorly reflect the contemporary spiritual world and unconvincingly portray the civil feelings and energy of workers. Radio and television are urged to broaden the themes of programs, increase their effectiveness, and be more active in the communist upbringing of youth and the fight against negative phenomena like alcoholism and religious vestiges. In particular, all radio and television programming is supposed to be subordinated to a single goal, that of propagandizing and explaining the new party policy.

#### SOVET OZBEKISTONI COVERAGE REVIEWED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 31 December 1985 carries on page 1 a 500-word editorial titled "To the Readers of SOVET OZBEKISTONI" which reviews the topics covered by the newspaper in 1985. Among these topics were: the sharp increase in productiveness and quality of production; the ideas of people's friendship, proletarian internationalism, and Soviet patriotism; elevation of the standard of living; instilling in workers a Marxist-Leninist worldview and communist consciousness; strengthening state, plan, labor, and production discipline; and republic party affairs. Special attention was paid to coverage of pre-congress activities, and to negative phenomena like deception, false reporting, abuse of position, bribe-taking, accumulation of personal wealth, and theft of socialist property. Each year the newspaper welcomes the opinions, advice, and desires of readers. According to the editorial, in 1985 the mail was more substantial than ever. The editorial office received nearly 26,500 letters, including 3,400 petitions and complaints. The majority of letters were dealt with in the newspaper; some were passed on to appropriate party and soviet organs for investigation and review. Nearly 850,000 people have subscribed to the newspaper for 1986.

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CSO: 1830/449

## HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY

### UZBEK NATIONAL COMMUNISM FIGURE COMMEMORATED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 31 December 1985 carries on page 2 a 900-word biography by Doctor of History Sh. Ziyomov titled "Fervent Revolutionary" in which he reviews the career of Nizomiddin Khojayev (1885-1942) in conjunction with the 100th anniversary of his birth. The author states that N. Khojayev was a member of the generation that fought for the liberation of the people from slavery and oppression. Born into a Tashkent worker's family in 1885, Khojayev completed Russian-Native School and began to work at a printing press where he worked with progressive-minded Russians and learned their language. Upon reading the political literature of the Social Democrats Khojayev became a clandestine activist and later took part in revolutionary events. The people's rebellion of 1916 in central Asia found him making speeches to the masses, inciting them to fight Tsarism. After the February Revolution he was noted as a translator of speeches at rallies. At that time the nationalist bourgeoisie was very active in Turkestan, where they formed the Shorai Islamiya, Shorai Ulama, and Turan organizations, came out against the proletarian revolution under the slogan of Muslim unity, and supported the provisional government. The author observes that Khojayev fell under their influence for a time and joined the Turan group. Despite this he voiced support for the Bolshevik position at the 12 September 1917 rally in Aleksandr Park. Following the October Revolution he was elected to the Tashkent Soviet and, upon realizing the evil plans and goals of the bourgeois nationalists, severed all ties with them. Khojayev then joined the Communist Party in May 1918 and soon was elected secretary of the Old City's party committee and chairman of its soviet executive committee. He fought reactionary nationalists and leftist SR's, rallied Tashkent workers and Red Guards to suppress the January 1919 Osipov Rebellion, and led Red Guards against Whites at Aktyubinsk. In September 1919 he became chairman of the Fergana Oblast Revkom and worked to defeat the Basmachi. Later on Khojayev was elected to the Central Executive Committee of the Turkestan ASSR. In 1931 he graduated from the Central Asian State University and became a member of the presidium of the Uzbek SSR Gosplan. N. Khojayev, says the author, lived for the people's work and fought for the party's goals, dedicating all his knowledge, abilities, and skills to implementing Lenin's program of socialist construction.

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## RELIGION

### UZBEK LETTERS OPPOSE, SUPPORT FOLK-HEALERS

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 1 November 1985 carries on page 5 a 700-word item titled "Under the Guise of Miracles" which contains three letters from citizens in response to a previous article on religious frauds and folk healers (tabibs). A druggist named Aminov writes that Soviet orthopedics have many successes, but now and then a broken arm or leg fails to heal properly because a few doctors lack the knowledge fully to utilize existing medical potential. Sometimes such patients seek out tabibs who rebreak the bone, set it, and apply herbal composts. Although successful, this procedure causes the patient extreme pain because tabibs do not know methods of anesthesia. The druggist notes that the number of bone healers has declined in recent years because tabibs pass their secrets on only to their children. Aminov recommends that a way to halt this decline is to study their methods, instruct them in scientific medicine, and allow them to work in orthopedic hospitals. Another writer named Abdusamiyev writes in support of studying the methods of good tabibs while taking care to distinguish the beneficial aspects of folk medicine from various superstitions. Finally, N. Chinniqulov expresses the opinion that exposing false tabibs is an important factor in strengthening the health of the people and eradicating vestiges of the past. Recently in the Charsu Bazaar in Tashkent he witnessed a crowd of people around a middle-aged woman sitting on the ground and telling fortunes. Among the crowd were three girls of a modern civilized appearance. He warned them that such fortune tellers only told lies, but they replied that they believed in them. Chinniqulov thinks that the root of this mistake lies in the shallowness of atheistic education at schools, and feels that youths finishing secondary schools should be tested both for their knowledge and their worldview before admission into higher schools.

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 29 November 1985 carries on page 5 a 400-word letter from A. Abdusamatov titled "No, I Don't Believe in Tabibs" in which he recounts that when his wife became ill they sought out the help of tabibs, ishans, and mullahs, none of whom were able to help here. Only after spending nearly 1,000 rubles on them did he take his wife to a hospital where, for free, doctors cured her. Abdusamatov is absolutely opposed to consulting tabibs for illnesses.



# STUDY OF UZBEK FOLK HEALING SUPPORTED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 20 December 1985 carries on page 5 an 800-word article by Doctor of Philology Ismatulla Abdullayev titled "Folk Healing and Medicine" in which he contributes his opinion on the value of folk healing to the recent debate on this issue in the newspaper. He begins by noting that folk medicine has a long history in the East. Although it did not achieve an original expression in Central Asia as it did in China, Tibet, and Greece, it nonetheless flourished in the area, with a number of great physicians and specialists continuing the work of Ibn Sina in medicine. However, the author notes that recent progress in scientific medicine methods were not used for a long time, with the result that tabibs ignorant of both scientific medicine and folk healing appeared and pretended to work "miracles." Sometimes, the author observes, an able tabib, on his deathbed, will pass on his calling to his son, who then begins treating patients without any real knowledge of the practice. Thus, today there are a growing number of false tabibs in numerous cities and villages who practice this craft only for the money. At the same time, however, Abdullayev believes that there are truly knowledgeable tabibs who have mastered healing techniques of East and West, learned Arabic, Persian, Russian, and Old Uzbek, and studied the science of pharmacology. The author gives the example of one tabib who was interested in medicine from youth, completed secondary school, learned Arabic and Persian (and through these languages studied Eastern medicine, including the works of Ibn Sina in the original), learned Russian to study scientific medicine, and became familiar with plants and herbs. Abdullayev states that much can be learned from such tabibs. In the author's opinion, a department for treatments with folk medicine, along with a laboratory and pharmacy, should be set up under some medical establishment under the leadership of some professor interested and informed in Eastern healing techniques. Gathering the competent tabibs into a scientific establishment would strike a blow against the numerous ignorant, false tabibs.

The editor adds a postscript to this article in which he states that folk healing should be studied scientifically. Not only would this study enrich the capability of modern medicine, but it would expose the deceptive practices of false tabibs. Of course, this step requires that medical specialists and the republic Ministry of Health take a practical attitude toward this issue.

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CSO: 1830/451

NOVYY MIR PUBLISHES YEVTUSHENKO'S 'FUKO!'

[Poem by Evgeniy Yevtushenko]

I grew up clumsily,  
                        maturing as best I could  
when they punched me in the solar plexus.  
I spoke the cant of thieves,  
                        a delinquent as bad as they make 'em,  
and slobbered cigarette butts picked up in the street.  
I learned the hunger of war with my guts  
and learned the lessons of motherland with my ribs.  
Fame didn't come as a gift--  
                        I took it myself,  
But, holding it in little esteem,  
I filled my soul with people,  
                        like a railway station  
during evacuation.  
I carry with me more than seventy countries,  
all the concentration camps,  
                        the monuments,  
and pride for our epoch,  
                        and shame,  
and hustlers,  
                        and presidents.  
Gulping down the epoch and gagging,

but never throwing up,  
I know no less than dust or dirt,  
and more than all the ravens in the world.  
And I grew proud

and much too flippant.

I became conceited beyond measure,  
as if I had tatooed on me  
the stamp "Top Secret."  
Vainly I held my nose in the air,  
blissfully nursing idle thoughts  
that soon they'd get me--

because

I knew too much.

In Hong Kong I deliberately looked to be knifed,  
in Viet Nam I placed myself in the path of bullets.  
I'd long been impatient to die,  
but for some reason my death was being delayed.  
And so I remained humiliatingly alive  
in a hail of various stupid bullets.  
They dawdled with me,

having decided to eat me bit by bit,  
never even contemplating to kill me.  
Shamefully intact,

I'm not much adorned

with battle scars.

Perhaps there's a reason why I'm still unkilld:  
my wisdom can't do much harm.

And a bitter thought swept away  
all that was left of my erstwhile conceit:  
my actions have lagged behind my knowledge,  
my words have lagged behind my experience.  
No matter how you grasp for the mystery of life,  
it slips from your hands.

The more we know superficial mysteries  
the more bottomless the main mystery.  
We ourselves have buried so much at the bottom,  
the accursed abyss of knowledge  
has sucked in so many ships,  
swallowed so many great nations!  
And I felt at a loss on the terrestrial globe  
from my apparent lack of talent,  
I felt like a gnome  
crushed by the burden of Atlas.  
Columbus, too, may have felt at a loss  
with his nefarious crew of dregs  
as he sailed across seas of blood into the depths  
of the mocking mystery of the world...

But I didn't have a crew.

I was the only Russian in the whole land of Santo Domingo as I stood at the  
airport baggage claim waiting for my suitcase. Finally it arrived. It looked

like an Indian taken off a conquistador torture rack. The sides were slit open, its entrails falling out.

"Damaged during loading," the Dominicana Airline representative muttered morosely, avoiding my eyes.

Then my long-suffering leather comrade landed in the hands of the customs inspectors. Whose hands had gone through it earlier? Behind the backs of the customs inspectors rummaging through my shirts and socks stood the chief of the airport police, his belly starting almost from his chin and bobbing majestically as he observed that literally touching process. The police chief would have been a real find for the gold-loving Columbus, with a gold Rolex on his left wrist, a gold name plate bracelet on the right one, gold rings with sundry precious and semiprecious stones on virtually every finger, a gold Madonna pendant on his hairy chest, and a gold key ring shaped like a miniature Statue of Liberty for his car keys. The police chief's face shone as though it had been oiled with tonic along with his wiry black hair. The police chief didn't stoop to display interest in my things, but he picked up a book of my poetry in Spanish and leafed through it selectively and intensely.

"The book was published in Madrid back in Generalissimo Franco's time," I reassured him. "Look at the date."

He started at the sound of my unexpectedly addressing him in Spanish, and a kind of connective thread formed between us. He pondered carefully what to say and finally selected the simplest and most comprehensible:

"Work is work..."

I recalled the refrain of a song by Okudzhava and couldn't help smiling. The police chief smiled too, but in a restrained way, as though he hadn't expected me to be capable of smiling. Another connecting thread.

Then his fat but nimble fingers came up with a videocassette.

"That's my own film," I explained.

"In what sense your own?" he wanted to know.

"I directed it..." I said, by no means wishing to infringe on the sacred rights of Sovexportfilm.

"What's it called?" the police chief wheezed, attempting with difficulty to grasp the situation.

"'The Kindergarten'."

"You have kindergartens, too?" the police chief asked suspiciously.

"Not enough, but we do," I said, trying to be objective.

"What format is your film recorded in?" he asked with professional interest.

"VHS," I said. One more connecting thread.

"All I have is Betamax," the police chief said almost plaintively. "Life keeps getting more and more complicated, more and more complicated." He sighed and added almost apologetically, "You'll have to leave the cassette in our department for viewing. You'll get it back the day after tomorrow if..." he faltered, "if there's nothing in it that..."

"This is my only copy. It's worth a million dollars," I said, deciding to counter gold with gold. "I don't doubt your personal integrity, but the cassette could be taped by your deputy or your deputy's deputy, and the film would get into worldwide circulation. You know better than I the extent of videocontraband nowadays. It could all end up in an international court of law."

The million dollars and international court of law duly impressed the police chief. He grunted, shaking the cassette in his gnarled workingman's hand with an aristocratic fingernail on the pinky.

Could I ever have dreamed that one day my hungry childhood of 'forty-one would be balanced speculatively in this policeman's palm? There in his palm was I myself, an eight-year-old who had missed his train, in that palm the hobnailed boots of black marketeers trampled on my plaintively bleating fiddle only because I hadn't stolen but simply taken from a counter a steaming potato wrapped in cabbage leaves; in that palm new recruits embraced brides in white shawls while Siberian widows in black walked towards them with fluttering death notices in their hands...

But to the police chief the film in his palm was not my life, of which he knew nothing, but a personal, very familiar risk that his loss of vigilance could cost him the chair on which he was sitting. That's what it means when the fate of art lies in a policeman's palm...

"But is there anything in it against the government of Santo Domingo?" the police chief mumbled awkwardly.

"My word of honor, nothing," I answered sincerely. "I can sign an affidavit."

"Oh, there's no need for that," the police chief said hastily, returning my childhood to me.

And I stepped out into the streets of Santo Domingo clutching nineteen forty-one to my chest.

And I stepped out into the streets of Santo Domingo  
clutching nineteen forth-one to my chest,  
and the kid in me came back to life,  
like a knife point pressed against my belly.

Again I was the punk kid who had escaped from the chase,  
the one who wasn't easily intimidated,



the one who slipped out of the policeman's palm  
which for some reason--unknown--had suddenly opened.

And I stepped out into the streets of Santo Domingo  
clutching nineteen forty-one to my chest,  
and the Siberian ground wind satanically  
followed in my wake or rushed ahead.

And I was pursued by such grief,  
like a trans-Siberian train passing by the palm-trees,  
and peasant women stomped their felt boots  
waiting in line at the statue of Columbus.

And following me down the magnolia-lined AVENIDAS,  
like ambassadors of so much human suffering,  
widows, orphans, wounded and invalids  
carried unmelting Russian snow on their faces.

Lobsters on counters twitched their claws,  
pineapples lay in mounds in the cool shade,  
and I couldn't understand why there was no line  
and no one was writing numbers on the palms of their hands.

But through all that seemed so exotic, luxuriant,  
and begged to be put on color film or in paint  
I could see, like ghosts, stubbled faces  
with pitifully smudged semi-Indian features.

Puss oozed from eyes beneath straw sombreros.  
Claw-like fingers with broken nails,  
begging for even just a copper coin,  
pursued me like Hitchcock birds.

I was a white crow. I was a foreigner,  
and they tore me apart.  
All the children strove to shine my shoes,  
and all the whores dragged me into the bushes.

And, like a blob of cosmic darkness  
next to the entrance to the glittering hotel hall,  
a young Hatian Negro refugee  
urged me to buy his naive painting.

How lonely he probably was,  
a self-taught artist of fifteen,  
if he could flee from the land of Baby Doc  
to a land where not a single artist has enough to eat.

To what extremes must people be driven,  
to what chasms or wards for the insane,  
if they flee with hope from one hell  
only to land in another hopeless hell?

All around was aggressive poverty,  
in every street block, from corner to corner.  
People tugged at my sleeves, tore and grasped,  
till the pursuit wore me down, drove me into a corner.

And to the sobbing of distant Siberian accordions  
and the strains of "Glorious Sea, Sacred Baikal"  
I fled from that infernal word "money!",  
and from my brethren in hunger.

I have stood in lines for so many years  
for black bread mixed with wormwood, almost with henbane,  
but now all the hungry of the earth were at my heels  
in a mad line behind me.

Little did those hotly panting people know  
that I myself came from a hungry childhood,  
that the war had hit and split me,  
my childhood in half and myself in half.

I went to the slums. Two Creole naiads  
were my bodyguards.  
Their Taiwanese wigs, butts and finery  
aroused the delight of the beerhall bums.

Here the aggression of poverty disappeared at once,  
only naked chocolate children squabbled  
and a cripple in rags offered me CERVEZA straight from the bottle,  
trusting my assurances that I wasn't diseased.

They readily posed for pictures here and didn't hide in their hovels,  
nor did they pick pockets or threaten with knives.  
I was a guest accompanied by DOS BUENAS MUCHACHAS,  
and no one scrounged for anything.

The mamas were strict, and though it was Saturday,  
they picked up their children playing in the dust  
and said with a sigh, "Time to go to work..."--  
and the children went out again to beg.

But on a pitiful fence, shining triumphantly  
like an ad for a tailor who makes tuxedos,  
a tattered poster swaggered: "Everything for the poor!"--  
and on it was a fat-faced electioneering clown.

I asked one of the naiads, "Whose mug is that?"  
She giggled as though I'd said something odd,  
covered her lips with a finger, which stuck to the lipstick,  
and whispered the strange word: "FUKU!"

I asked cautiously, "Is FUKU a name?"  
but she, deciding that I was such a drag,  
laughed, wiggled her tight hips  
and answered slyly, "Quite the contrary!"

All the beggars as one, threatening the stranger  
with steel teeth and toothless mouths,  
turned to the poster and loudly laughed,  
repeating as though they were snuffing out a candle, "FUKU!"

And the clown on the poster cringed--he was from the gang  
of other mugs who promise everyone miracles,  
mugs who, like beggars with knives,  
extort hungry people's votes.

Those mugs, multiplied on every fence,  
mint medals from people's poverty,  
make bombs from people's poverty,  
sew tuxedos from people's poverty.

I can't view poverty sentimentally.  
What can I do to break my body or spirit,  
like salubrious bread into millions  
of crumbs, pieces, crusts, slices and hunks?

And in Santo Domingo's Gothic cathedral  
two sisters, two naiads of Creole nights,  
became suddenly timid as, with concealed hesitation,  
they placed ten candles to the Virgin.

Explained one of the sad twins,  
a drop of wax glittering on her sleeve:  
"For our dead little sisters and brothers.  
Ten died. Only we two survived..."

But the awaited voice didn't ring out from heaven,  
only a tear glittered on the Creole cheek,  
and my childish, my Russian hunger  
clung to the boundless hunger on earth...

"Only you can help us, only you...," repeated the man with honest blue eyes  
wearing a cowboy shirt with a worn collar and carrying a bleached tarpaulin,  
not very full knapsack on his back.

The man held by the hand a little boy--skinny, sniffing, in short pants and  
white socks to one of which clung a lone thistle. The boy had the same blue  
eyes, only even clearer, radiating from under a flaxen forelock.

The stranger had appeared at my Moscow apartment one early morning with the  
following story. He was a ship repair engineer, working in Kamchatka. He had  
come with his son to Moscow on vacation and been robbed. Everything was  
gone--money, papers. He had no acquaintances in Moscow, but I was his

favorite poet and, consequently, the closest person he had in Moscow. So he thought that perhaps I wouldn't refuse him if he asked me for money for two air tickets to Petropavlovsk-on-Kamchatka. From there he would, of course, cable the money back to me at once.

"Sonny, recite some of Uncle Zhenya's poems for him," the man said tenderly. "Let him see how much we love him in our family..."

The boy smoothed his hair with his hand, squared his shoulders and began to recite in a ringing voice:

"Ah, those wartime weddings!"

I gave them the money. Fifteen years have passed since then, and the boy probably has children of his own, but I never received the promised money order from Kamchatka. The little concert which had moved me so much had evidently been well-rehearsed. For some reason that whole incident and the sentimentality of the professionally staged swindle shook me up.

All my wartime childhood had been on credit. People had loaned bread, shelter, money, kindness, good advice, even ration cards. No one expected me to return it all, and in fact, I never promised to, nor could I have. Yet I am giving it back, giving them back to this day.

That is why I always try to lend money, even when I'm duped. But I have begun to notice that sometimes people who borrow from you begin to surreptitiously hate you, because you're a living reminder of their debt. And yet, money should be given. But where to get that much to be enough for all?

The children of slums are shrewd from birth:  
you have to be flexible,

like a liana.

The children have divided

their city of Santo Domingo

into spheres of influence:

The Carlton for this one,

the Hilton for that.

It can't be helped:

you've got to be artful.

The children

in whose domain my little hotel stood

never allowed any foreign clients

to slip away free,

they shook each one tenderly,

like a pear-tree.

Like little monuments,

the children

waited

for their clients' return,

looking at them with moderate supplication,

filled, however, with transparent intentions.

The children,  
operating in collusion with the "lobby",  
knew by name every Bobby,  
every John,  
every Frank  
beseeching them in friendly tones.

A boy called Primitivo  
was boundlessly drawn to me,  
and he quickly picked up  
my diminutive name  
and used it for his purposes.

I recall I once was still half-asleep,  
and I came out unshaven,  
disheveled as a mop,  
and Primitivo addressed me in Spanish:  
"Zhenya, give money!  
Zhenya, give money!"  
I gave him.  
He smiled, dark-complexioned,  
with high forehead:

"GRACIAS!"--  
while from under his armpits  
two barebellied little brothers  
said in unison:  
"ZDRAVSTVUY!"  
So we lived  
without a care,  
until once,  
I came back,  
like an idle rake in an expensive car,  
and it so happened that I didn't have a peso in my pocket.

But Primitivo probably decided that  
I'd grown stingy in my old age,  
and the little brothers felt piqued as well,  
and the whole caboodle took revenge.

I'd just gone to bed, turning on the air conditioner,  
when under the balcony,  
like a nightmare,  
the children began singing, all together:  
"Zhenya, give money!  
Zhenya, give money!"

At first I smiled,  
but then  
I was suddenly frightened by the singing darkness,  
because I heard so many voices in that plea:



Zhenya, give money!"

not Zhenya.

"Zhenka.

just a li'l bit more.

"Hunger won't betray you,

swine won't eat you."

not on my body.

and swine didn't eat me.

who consider me rich.

how poor I am.

I'd print only money.

where so many Zhenkas go hungry.

counterfeiter.

humanity!

the honeyed sanctity

like sin.

for history?

cry of children:

**Zhenya, give money!"**

"Perhaps dirty nails are more manly?" the film director mused aloud. He had a brick-red face and as white a nose, which also made him look like a cocaine sniffer.

But the filming had already begun despite creative differences.

The banana fronds swayed lazily. They were real, though they looked artificial against the background of make-believe Indian huts with no rear walls.

Seated on a mat was Christopher Columbus, an Irish actor suffering in intolerably tight jackboots, because his own had been forgotten in Spain during the rush of filming the departure of the Santa Maria. Next to Columbus sat the Indian cacique Caonabo--a Japanese actor who, with the courage of a true Samurai, silently endured a sharktooth necklace on the make-up chocolate tan of his neck. Columbus majestically handed the cacique a strand of glass beads, winking slyly at his cohorts--American actors who made a living doing spaghetti Westerns hired cheaply in Rome. The cacique reverently pressed the gift to his muscular chest of a karate expert and with dignity handed Columbus a return gift: a gold mask made of brass. The extras, consisting of ten-dollar prostitutes from the Santo Domingo waterfront recruited to play native virgins and pimps and lumpen-proletarians fiercely made up to look like bloodthirsty warriors, began to shake their straw skirts, spears and many-colored plywood shields. Hands pounded battle drums to prerecorded music coming from Grundig amplifiers.

"Pan... Fruit!" the cameraman growled.

The cactus-legged little man pushed one of the native women in the back, and she shimmied towards Columbus, professionally wiggling her butt and balancing on her head a plate of papier-mache' tropical fruit, although there was more than enough real fruit all around.

"Cut!" the director said in a funereal voice. "Where did this old hag come from?"

Suddenly everyone noticed a ragged, hunched, tiny little Indian woman who had somehow strayed into the crowd of extras. The old woman was swaying blissfully to the rhythm of the music, gulping rum from a half-empty bottle clutched in the dessicated, wrinkled little hands of a child prematurely aged by some evil magic.

And I suddenly recalled... During the filming of a prerevolutionary fair in Maloyaroslavets, I was standing in Tsiolkovskiy's black Inverness cape by a steam-engine decorated with silver fox and sable furs. Tables were sagging under the weight of sturgeons, roast suckling pigs, jellied meat and bottles of champagne. (One of the sturgeons vanished without a trace on the second day of filming. "It fell and broke. We wrote it off," the director explained laconically, but for the next two or three days Maloyaroslavets workers guzzled prerevolutionary sturgeon at the local eatery.) Suddenly a fragile, gray-haired old woman stepped into the frame. She was carrying a shopping net with two packages of processed cheese and a bottle of kefir. The old woman

sided unobtrusively among the braying merchants in tophats and polecat-lined coats, among policemen with manly twirled-up moustaches, until she was grasped by the omnipresent hand of the assistant director...

The cactus-legged little man dashed towards the old Indian woman and led her with policemanlike concern out of the frame. The woman couldn't understand why those people wouldn't let her dance with them. But make-believe past doesn't like to be invaded by the real present.

"Another take!" the director groaned with a long suffering air.

"When will this end?" Columbus muttered gloomily, testing with his finger tips whether his noble gray hair hadn't become unstuck in the heat. "Someone get me a gin-and-tonic..."

That's how you've turned out,  
History!

Shooting a movie.

Santo Domingo.

The marina.

And Christopher Moviefilmovich Columbus  
savoring

gin-and-tonic.

He says to Ojeda Alonso:

"Charles,

I hope we don't get plastered."

The Tokyo cacique is playing a game of cards--  
stealing five minutes or so--  
and counterfeit history  
wiggles her butt

to the beat of drums.

How you would like,  
cowardly gain  
striving to hide the truth,  
to make history

seem

ideal,

without blood.

While the unideal history  
is cast aside  
by someone's hand,  
like that old Indian woman,  
so as not to spoil the blockbuster.

But the real Columbus

looked appraisingly and greedily

at the huts he had burned to the ground,  
as though expecting the ashes to turn to gold.

Perhaps the whole idea of napalm  
was cleverly pilfered from Columbus?  
Was it he who brought on nuclear warfare  
when he rammed cannonballs into mortars?  
He brought hunting dogs in the holds  
to hunt Indians,

not animals.

His jackboots sinking in corpses,  
he ordered rings to be torn from nostrils.  
And the oily soot of gunpowder  
settling on his white-feathered plume  
blackened the name of Columbus  
as if he were a cruel magician.  
And when he was dying

Columbus

writhed

with the gout,

unwanted by the authorities,  
as though the bones of all the killed  
were taking revenge on his bones.

The heat in Santo Domingo was so stifling that it seemed the statue of Columbus, unable to stand it any longer, would pull off his bronze frock-coat, but the tombstone in the cathedral where, if one is to believe the inscriptions, the admiral's bones repose, emanated a damp, graveyard chill. The tombstone was like a world dactyloscopic who's who, because every tourist felt obliged to touch it with his fingers. The local currency dealers beckoned like ghosts from behind peeling columns, in a tactical whisper offering foreigners the more hospitable exchange rate of the black market. In this cathedral Columbus lived as it were in four dimensions, as several guides in its four corners simultaneously told various anecdotes from Columbus's life to the rustling accompaniment of dollars, francs and West-German marks. In one corner Columbus was only just explaining his idea to Queen Isabella's confessor, who pretended he couldn't hear him; in another he was already shipping royal gold and slaves from New India with the humane footnote: "And even if slaves die on the way, nevertheless not all will share that fate"; in the third corner he himself was being shipped back in chains put on by his own cook, the dried blood of Indians still on them; in the fourth, already half-mad, his pen spluttering on the parchment, he wrote a hymn to the very metal that had destroyed him: "Gold creates wealth, and he who possesses it can do whatsoever he wishes and is even capable of leading human souls to heaven." But whose souls did he lead to heaven, if he couldn't even lead in his own?

This is what struck me: none of the guides called the admiral by name, only ALMIRANTE.

"Why?" I asked my Dominican friend.

"FUKU" he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

And suddenly a gust of wind from the sea, which seemed to have curdled in the heat, swept into the cathedral, whipping money from someone's hands over Columbus's tomb and repeating in a multilingual rustle:

"FUKU! FUKU! FUKU!"

We are the islanders  
who paddled up to the sails  
with branches in our canoes  
and watched from our boats  
as mango juice trickled  
from the hungry gods' moustaches.  
The white gods gave us  
a pigskin Bible,  
but if you're hungry that skin won't save you,  
and terrible is the god who  
can rip open the bellies of pregnant women  
with his spur.

They drove hooks under our shoulder blades,  
burned our heels with iron,  
hurled us to the bottom of snake pits  
strung us up on ship rigging,  
and bestowed gonorrhea  
on our unfortunate wives and sons.  
We are the islanders  
to whom Columbus brought,  
together with the wheel,  
the art of breaking on the wheel.  
We were stupified with rum,  
we were killed by thunder,  
thrown face down onto anthills.  
We were subjugated by the cross,  
called savages,  
and promised freedom to get drunk.  
Who was the more insidious?  
Civilization is  
the most savage savagery.  
Columbus, was that for what  
you came to our land,  
in which you dug a grave for yourself as well?  
By what right  
did you eat our guava,  
and by what right did you discover us?  
Europe was wide awake—  
she needed more slaves,  
and Africa sobbed like a widow  
when black  
whip-welted meat  
filled our tormented isles.  
Breaking their stocks,  
the slaves rushed to the boats,  
but what awaited them was a rope on a branch.



Among the human catch  
that word was born,  
that African word FUKU  
FUKU is not so naive.  
FUKU is a tabu on a name  
which brought misfortune.  
If you utter that name  
trouble will come like an echo:  
that is what that name does.  
Like the rust of retribution  
FUKU eats away armor,  
and the first FUKU here  
was finally placed  
on the bones of the Genoan  
who rotted with a sword at his side.  
No Dominican,  
whether prelate or ragamuffin,  
cobbler attaching a heel,  
or drunk from a tavern,  
will superstitiously say  
either "Cristobal Colon" or "Columbus."  
Creole women don't use the wolf bogey  
to scare their children;  
they whisper, to avoid god's punishment:  
"Stop crying:  
"the ALMIRANTE will come!"  
(Which in Spanish means "The admiral.")

Even the sticky museum guides  
with their oily smiles  
will never say "Columbus,"  
but only, "Step closer.  
Here lie the bones of the ALMIRANTE."  
And no one will utter the name.  
Murderers or rakes  
set up busts to murderers,  
and even a fool understands this.  
But the meaning of the folk cunning  
is to erase them from memory  
and impose FUKU on all murderers.  
Famous bones,  
stop knocking on the door  
of the sleeping poor man,  
but if you are so proud  
and rasp, "Whose are you?"  
the response to that will be: "FUKU FUKU FUKU"

We are the islanders  
who are more Christian  
than all the murderers with the name of Christ.  
Old injuries can't be scraped out of genes.

FUKU on the bones of the antichrist  
who came with the counterfeit cross!

Over the Seville cathedral in which--according to the Spanish version--the admiral's bones are buried, fluttered a huge balloon tied to the steeple; on the balloon was written: "Viva Generalissimo Franco--Columbus of democracy!"

Over the heads of the multitude which had gathered to greet the Generalissimo arriving in Seville for the start of the 1966 Fiesta fluttered disconcerting slogans like: "Long live May Day, day of international solidarity of the working people!" "British imperialists' hands off Gibraltar, rightful Spanish territory!"--and there was no hint of the anti-government demonstration I'd been expecting.

The Generalissimo was cunning and he possessed a special gift of camouflaging his regime's antipopular essence with popular slogans. The Generalissimo was greeted by a crowd made up, not of the people, but of pseudo-people: civil servants losing their hair from the state's constantly patting their heads for their allegiance; merchants and entrepreneurs subsidized by the national bank after checking their loyalty; so-called common folk, in other words, hoodwinked people persuaded by years of propaganda that the Generalissimo was their common father; and finally, agents in civilian clothes with raspy throats suffering from professional throat calluses caused by endlessly shouting cries of greeting.

Along the street, to the melodious clatter of horseshoes on the ancient cobblestones, slowly moved a mounted cavalcade: members of the royal family in national dress, aristocratic Amazons in little black hats with sweeping white feathers, famous bullfighters in glittering lace. Behind them at a speed of five kilometers per hour crawled a Mercedes--not with bullet-proof glass, but completely open. It was showered from all sides, not with bullets or Molotov cocktails, but with lilac twigs, orchids, carnations, roses. Standing in the Mercedes, barely reaching above the windshield, was a short, stocky man in a uniform strewn with flower petals with the complacent face of a successful village merchant, waving a small hand with heavy pudgy fingers in a fatherly manner. When his right arm grew tired he lifted the left one, and vice versa. His facial muscles did not exert themselves with a smile catering to the masses, maintaining an expression of good-natured statesmanly concern. Parents lifted children up to catch a glimpse of the "father of the nation." Breaking through the police barrier, a senora of indefinite age religiously dropped to the ground and kissed the oily tire track.

"Viva Generalissimo! Viva Generalissimo!" chanted the crowd, overwhelmed with the joy of seeing Generalissimo Franco--the man who, in the view of all thinking Spaniards whose lips were gagged by either jail or censorship, was the killer of Lorca, executioner of the young Spanish republic, a cunning spider who had enveloped the country in a web of censorship, a clever dealer in beaches, museums, landscapes, corridas, castanets and Don Quixote souvenirs. But in this crowd's opinion he had put an end to a fratricidal civil slaughter and even erected a monument of reconciliation to the victims on both sides. Also in the view of this crowd, he had saved Spain from involvement in the Second World War, limiting it to dispatching the Blue



From island to island the bones sailed  
like unwanted guests.  
They say they are in Santo Domingo.  
However, there are some strong doubts.  
Perhaps in that tomb with the stench of rot  
there is nothing

but the dust of Trujillo?

They say those bones are in Seville.  
Tourists poke them with their canes.  
But once,

with sudden agility  
the skeleton reached out and grasped the cane:  
perhaps it had a golden ring  
like the cacique's daughters' rings.  
They say

those bones are in Havana,  
writhing angrily,

as though alive,  
because they fiercely want  
to discover and conquer someone.  
If the admiral has three tombs,  
does it mean there were three skeletons?  
Or did the thirst for glory,

the thirst for power  
tear those bones

into three parts?  
The quest for glory

is the direct road to ignominy,  
if that glory is bloody  
like red rust.

Thus has glory soiled,  
like infamy,  
the admiral's bones.

When the Spanish conquistadors were getting the Indians drunk with "fire water" the Indians later fashioned the shards of broken bottles to make tips for battle spears.

Oh, how I would like to bury forever  
in the dirt under the remnants of statues  
both the new nickname for murderers--occupier,  
and the old one--conquistador.

Why did you carry chains in your holds?  
What, please tell me, is so brave about  
turning the white spots on the map of the earth  
into spots of blood?

When, later on, you were dying, admiral,  
twisting and turning from one side to another,  
you gaspingly scratched from gouty hands  
the blood of the cacique Caonabo.

Everything on earth is joined by bonds of blood,  
and the blood of the murdered cacique  
branded Columbus's grandson,  
punished innocently for his grandfather.

But my own Santa Maria  
was a herring cask.  
Why must I suffer from fateful blame?  
I am ashamed to play at being a dove.

I crucified no one,  
I put no one behind the barbed wire of concentration camps,  
but all the blood shed by humanity  
is stuck to my palms and burning them.

The fires of the Inquisition have receded into legend.  
Today the whole planet is like an execution block,  
and goose-pimples of worldwide fear  
crawl like typhoid lice.

And the Middle Ages, roaring like a bear,  
keep reappearing under someone's tasselled banner  
with a new "witch hunt"  
or a new little conquest.

In our age the poet is the age itself.  
All countries are on him like wounds.  
The poet is an oceanic graveyard for all,  
those in bronze and those without name.

In all times, each of which is merciless,  
the poet understands  
that war will remain eternally immortal,  
as long as oppression is immortal.

The poet is the world ambassador of the oppressed  
who has refused to surrender to the Middle Ages.  
Not eternal glory but eternal shame  
to all those who have gained glory in blood.

"Why did I become a revolutionary?" Comandante Che repeated my question,  
looking at me distrustfully as though checking whether I was just being  
inquisitive or I really needed to know.

I looked away involuntarily, feeling suddenly frightened. Nor for myself--for  
him. He was one of those, "with doomed eyes," as Blok wrote.

The comandante turned abruptly on his heavy hobnailed soldier's boots which,  
it seemed, still carried the dust of Sierra Maestra, and walked over to the  
window. A large funereal butterfly, like a quivering blot of the Havana  
night, perched on the star glimmering on the beret stuck under a VERDE OLIVO  
shoulder-strap.



"I wanted to be a doctor, but then I discovered that medicine alone wasn't enough to save humanity," the comandante said slowly, without turning.

He turned abruptly, and I again looked away from his eyes, which emanated a piercing cold--no longer of this world. The large circles of sleeplessness around the comandante's eyes seemed scorched.

"Do you ride a bike?" the comandante asked.

I lifted my eyes, expecting to see a smile, but the ashen face was not smiling.

"Sometimes a bicycle can help become a revolutionary," the comandante said, sitting down on a chair and delicately picking up a cup of coffee with the narrow fingers of a pianist. "As a boy I thought of travelling around the world on a bicycle. One day I loaded my bicycle into a huge cargo plane flying to Miami. It was taking horses to the races. I hid the bicycle in the wall and hid there myself. When we landed the horse owners were infuriated. They were mortally afraid that my presence would affect the horses' nervous systems. They locked me in the plane to punish me. It got unbearably hot in the plane. I couldn't breathe. What with the heat and hunger, I began to hallucinate... Would you like another cup of coffee?... I chewed straw, and I vomited. The horse owners returned the next day drunk and, it seemed to me, they had lost. One of them threw a half-empty Coca-Cola bottle at me. The bottle broke. In one of the fragments there were several drops of liquid. I drank it and cut my lips. During the return flight the horse owners guzzled whisky and teased me with sandwiches. Fortunately they gave the horses water, and I drank with the horses from a tarpaulin bucket..."

That conversation took place in 1963, when the tragic beard-fringed face of the comandante was still impressed on T-shirts with imperialist flexibility taking into account the anti-imperialist tastes of left-leaning youth. The comandante was next to me, he sipped coffee and talked, tapping a book on the partisan war in China lying, probably not accidentally, on his desk. But even before Bolivia he had been a living legend, and a living legend always carries the imprint of death. He looked for it himself. According to one legend, the comandante suddenly flew one day with a handful of cohorts to Viet Nam and offered Ho Chi Minh to fight on his side, but Ho Chi Minh politely turned them down. The comandante continued to seek death, making his way, covered with mosquitoes, through the Bolivian selva, and he was betrayed by those very poverty-stricken people whom he had come to fight for, because in his wake followed not the freedom he had promised but punitive detachments who killed whomsoever gave him shelter. And death entered the village school of La Yghera, where he was sitting at the teacher's desk, tired and sick, and in a military voice crazy with the anticipation of rewards roared, "Stand up!" But he only swore and didn't even think of standing up. They say that as he was being plugged by bullet after bullet he even smiled, because that was probably just what he wanted. And they cut his hands with the fingers of a pianist from his body and took them by plane to La Paz for finger-print identification, and they decimated his body and scattered the pieces in the selva so that he would have no grave to which people could come. But if he smiled as he was dying it was, perhaps, because he thought: only in death can

people achieve what they cannot achieve in life. Christianity may never have existed if Christ had died receiving a private pension.

And now, holding a cup of coffee in his as yet unsevered hand and looking mercilessly at me with as yet ungouged eyes, the comandante said:

"Hunger--that is what makes people revolutionaries. Your own or someone else's. But when you feel it as your own..."

You have blossomed from oil,  
Caracas,  
Like a strange, ugly stone rose,  
while under the hotels  
and bordellos  
conquistadors sleep in rusty armor.  
As a girl pulls off her lace stockings  
one of the ghostly regulars,  
skeleton quivering,  
picks a hole  
in the parquette  
with his shameless sword.  
Grandsons have erected oil derricks,  
they speed by in limousines,  
but retribution awaits them--  
the sword of Columbus  
sticks out of the asphalt,  
slashing their tires.  
People dance  
on one leg,  
not knowing  
where to set the other.  
Don't step,  
as you lurch into the bars,  
on the severed hands of Che Guevara!  
Don't let the straws  
in your cocktails  
hurt  
the comandante's gouged eyes!  
On dark nights  
in the slums of Caracas  
the shadow of Che Guevara  
climbs up the slopes.  
But can the weak star on the beret  
light up all the darkness of the planet?  
Tottering cardboard hovels:  
this is not central,  
this is anal Caracas.  
Down from the hills flows excrement,  
raining on conquistador monuments,  
and AGUAS NEGRAS--  
black waters--

surge down  
     like nature's revenge,  
 and black hate,  
     black envy  
 creep into  
     the haughty center.  
 Everything that arrogantly calls itself the center  
 will be punished--  
     that is for sure!  
 Black slurping,  
     black squelching,  
 among the hovels,  
     among the huts.  
 It is an orgy of microbic spawning  
 of the black waters--  
     AGUAS NEGRAS.  
 We,  
     comandante,  
         are stranded together  
 in this endless  
     bubbling plasma.  
 Both the living  
     and the dead  
 are all engulfed  
     in MIERDA.  
 How can one find support in the greedy slime  
 which whispers to all living people:  
     "I hate you!"?  
 How,  
     as one flounders out of the muck,  
 can one fight  
     with severed hands?  
 Here even love isn't considered happiness.  
 Conception is more like a crime.  
 Something living writhes in the slime  
 Two people  
     gnaw into each other's lips.  
 To the hungry,  
     their only food  
 is their kiss,  
     bestial and destitute,  
 while underfoot  
     the endless quagmire  
 squeaks ratlike...  
 Oh, how awful are lullabies  
 within walls of crates with the inscription "Pepsi,"  
 where rat after rat steals stealthily  
 to lunge at the throat of a hungry baby,  
 their Pinochet whiskers  
 quivering:  
     "Tasty...  
         tasty..."



With a broken indellible-ink pencil  
 I write a number on an unchildish palm.  
 I am  
     number four billion  
 standing in line for hope.  
 Where does this line begin?  
 Back where it pounded fists  
 on the door of the Zima store  
 while black marketeers hustled like rats.  
 The line  
     has become an extended drama,  
 a march of humanity--  
     the slowest ever.  
 Like a Siberian ground-wind,  
 the line winds  
     along the Amazon.  
 It snakes through Dallas,  
 it slithers through  
     Lebanon.  
 People are desparately hungry  
 for non-rattiness,  
     for non-killing!  
 They crave  
     enormously  
 non-castrateness  
     and non-bureaucracy!  
 How those hungry  
     for the spirit  
 hate their poverty!  
 All peoples are getting into this line  
 for at least a wormwood loaf of freedom.  
 And, hesitantly spitting on the pencil stub,  
 with a shiver  
     I write the Zima number  
 on the severed hand of the comandante  
 reaching out to me from Dante...

The heavy oaken door from the corridor to the reception room was open, wedged at the bottom by a carefully whittled piece of wood. The experienced secretary in a fluffy, bright-orange wig, majestic as a sphinx, was able, thanks to that strategic wedge, to monitor with her eyes the marble stairs with red velvet-sheathed rails up which her chief could come through a side door.

"You're wasting your time," the secretary said. "I told you she'd be busy today with a foreign delegation."

"That's alright, I'll wait," I said meekly, occupying a strategic point in the reception room from which I could easily watch the stairs.

"It's drafty here," the secretary said, twitching her shoulders. She drifted towards the door and with the toe of a dainty Italian shoe, into which her



powerful soccer-player's foot had apparently been jammed with some heroic effort, tapped the wedge from under the door.

The door, all its springs growling, slammed shut, blocking the stairway.

"But now its stuffy," I said as meekly as before, but firmly, getting up from my chair. I opened the door, guided the wedge with my foot and knocked it back in place.

The secretary sailed out of the reception room, lifting her eyes to the ceiling with a hurt expression. The assistant came in, or rather, he didn't come in but stood pointedly in the doorway.

"Ah, Yevgeniy Aleksandrovich, you don't care for your time, you really don't... Yet your time is so precious. I told you that she wouldn't be in today. You don't believe us, you think we're all bureaucrats, but I'm really concerned for your time," he prattled affectionately, facing me while his left foot reached out behind him in an attempt to dislodge the wedge from under the door.

"Leave the wedge alone," I said in an icy voice.

"What wedge?" he asked with an indulgent smile, continuing to operate his left foot in a ballet-like maneuver.

"That one," I said, echoing his indulgent intonation, "The pinewood..., strong..., cute one..." And walking over to the door I shoved the wedge in tighter.

The assistant deflated suddenly with a suppressed sigh, and at that very moment She appeared on the stairway, clearly heading for the side door. Seeing me she instantaneously appraised the situation and turned to the reception room, clasping my hand in her firm hand of a tennis-player with a scar concealed under a lace cuff.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," She said with a clear hospitable smile and an inviting gesture towards the office, taking off her mink coat as she walked.

I managed to help her, and she appreciated it with an instantaneous flash of femininity in her concerned executive eyes. I admired her self-control and the athletic shapeliness of her figure.

The secretary drifted in, ostentatiously ignoring me, and placed a tray on one end of a long conference table covered with green pool-table cloth.

"As usual, frankly?" She asked, pulling a bag of Lipton tea from the steaming glass and swaying it back and forth.

She suddenly took my hand in hers so that the scar slipped out from under the lace cuff and asked with sincere incomprehension:

"Zhenya, for God's sake, tell me, what's the matter with you? You're published, allowed to go abroad. You have everything--talent, fame, money, a car, a dacha... You have, I think, a happy family. So why do you keep writing all the time about suffering, about shortcomings, about lines? What do you lack? What?"

Come with me, comandante,  
to those distant places  
where I didn't sob, "Give me!"—  
but still they gave.

In that distant year of 'forty-one,  
reeking with drama,  
I was a poor, poor boy  
in a torn hat.

Whatever royal hat I may wear  
or fluffy fur coat,  
To the Swiss mafia I seem  
a mere upstart beggar.

No matter how my pockets rustle  
for the waitresses,  
I'm as unseemly  
as a ragamuffin CLOCHAR.

Ironing the platform like a table-cloth  
and hiding a smirk,  
the porter will never roll his cart  
up to me.

When, without kicking up a row,  
I slump sideways into a taxi  
the driver stares at me,  
grunting, "Get out!"

A girl in Zaryadye said to me:  
"Man, you've got  
"something indigent in your eyes...  
"that's the reason!"

I broke into laughter.  
A happy end!  
I was poor. I remain poor.  
How splendid!

The only luxury of poor people  
is the luxury of hell,  
where there are no mendacious triumphant mugs  
and there is no need to lie.

The only luxury of poor people  
is the luxury of words  
in taverns, in wheel-chairs,  
with a whistle of expectoration.

The only luxury of poor people  
is the luxury of kindness  
in mangers, in forbidden doorways  
in an Easter crowd.

The only luxury of poor people  
is the crush in a streetcar,  
but then, they part with their copper pennies  
without compunction.

But if something rustles in my pocket  
I'll give up everything  
and spend luxuriously  
for that luxury.

I'll die the last of the last,  
but with a sense of paradise.  
The only luxury of poor people  
is the damp ground.

But there are people, persons  
who don't let me go underground.  
I would like so much to share  
myself with everyone.

Whatever I've seen and will ever see,  
whatever I know how to do,  
I will not stint  
for either Ryazan or Paris.

They broke my bones in the market place,  
beating me up mercilessly,  
but I'll give away everything to Costa Rica  
and Uruguay.

Shared bread crumbs  
can help prolong life.  
The only luxury of poor people  
is always to share.

The actress couldn't break the chunk of bread like the Siberian peasant woman  
on the station platform once had broken it. The actress was doing her best,  
but there was falsehood in her fingers. At that moment I saw an old woman in  
the inquisitive crowd behind the cameraman. She had the eyes of a woman who  
had stood in thousands of lines. She didn't have to change, because in  
'eighty-three she was dressed just as they dressed in 'forty-one.

"Perhaps you could try?" I asked softly.

She took the chunk of bread wrapped in an old kerchief and sat down on a sack leaning against the log wall of the railroad warehouse. Paying no attention to the whirring of the camera, she didn't just look at the boy standing before her, but she saw him and realized that he was hungry.

"Come here, sonny," she said, and with a sigh began to untie the bundle. She broke the bread, feeling its roughness with her fingers. Dividing the chunk exactly in half, she handed one half to the boy so as not to offend him with pity. Then, lightly adjusting her gray hair escaping from under the kerchief with her left hand, she lifted her cupped hand to her mouth, so as not to lose a single crumb!—and swallowed them, looking steadily at the greedily chewing boy, until finally she was unable to hold back the pity which escaped from her agonized blue eyes. The cameraman broke into tears, and I lost the feeling of boundaries between times and people, as though before me was that same Siberian peasant woman from my childhood who had handed me the half-hunk of bread, with that same hand with dark creases on the palm, with tender lumpy fingers on one of which thinly gleamed a cheap aluminum ring.

What can be more wonderful than the disappearance of boundaries between times, between people, between nations...

I respect you,  
                    rosy-cheeked border guards  
guarding our country  
                    with wide-awake eyes,  
but how great it really is  
                    that Lenin's book "The State and Revolution"  
foresees a world  
                    without borders.  
There is something insecure  
                    in every border post.  
In every one  
                    there is a yearning for trees and leaves.  
Probably the worst punishment for a tree  
is to become a border post.  
Birds resting on border posts  
have no way of telling  
                    what trees they come from.  
Probably  
                    people first invented borders  
and then borders  
                    began inventing people.  
Borders have invented  
                    the police, army, and border guards,  
borders have invented  
                    custom-houses  
                                    and passports.  
But, thank God, there exist  
                    invisible threads and fibers





I am a racist  
                    who recognizes only one race--  
the race of  
                    all races.  
How humiliating is the word "foreigner"...  
I have  
                    four-and-a-half billion leaders on earth,  
and I dance my Russian,  
                    mortally dangerous dance  
on invisible threads  
                    between the hearts of people...  
But all the little Hitlers  
                    would like to make the planet plundered,  
entangling it on every side  
with threads of concentration-camp wire,  
like a Pinochet stadium...

I stood in the unassuming Austrian cemetery in the town of Leonding over a grave solicitously planted with pink geraniums. There would have been nothing unusual about the tombstone with the photographs on it if not for the inscription: "Alois Hitler, 1837-1903" and "Klara Hitler, 1852-1907". A geranium petal swept off by the wind clung momentarily to the portly custom inspector's sternly good-natured moustache which, it seemed, was still damp from thousands of steins of beer. A drop of rain which was just beginning to fall crept respectfully down the gray hair of the virtuous wrinkle-cheeked frau. I found nothing ratlike in the faces of Hitler's parents. But when I thought of what their son had done on earth it seemed to me that litters of rats were squirming under the placid pink of graveside geraniums.

Hitler was a field mouse who had grown up to be a rat. Rats are not born: they are made. How did he become a rat on a worldwide scale, gnawing so many mothers and infants to death?

Standing with the children's church choir of the Lambach monastery, the boy Adolf strikes the eye with an embryonic Fuehrer stance: in the back row, above the rest, in deliberate isolation, arms folded on his chest and eyes staring at some distant point invisible to others. Incidentally, he stands higher than everyone else in all other pictures, though he was short of stature. Did he stand on tiptoes or what? Whence that early megalomania?

He was one of six children. He was outlived only by Paula, who died in 1960. Gustav lived only two years, Ida two years, Otto only several months, and Edmond six years. Who knows, perhaps when little Adolf appeared his father grunted to this mother, "By all appearances this one won't last long either..."

Perhaps Adolf subconsciously remembered the remark and, when he did survive, became convinced of his exclusiveness?

Hitler grew up an orphan in the home of an aunt who took him in. Perhaps he was embittered by the stale bread of an orphan? True, there is no indication that the aunt had beat him or deprived him in any way... According to some

versions Hitler's maternal grandmother was a Jewess, and at school he had been called a kike. Could that have been the source of his pathological anti-Semitism? But isn't there something anti-Semitic in that version?

Two unhappy loves: one back at school for little Stefani, then for cousin Angelika Raubal, whom relatives and acquaintances had hounded with their hypocrisy until in 1931 she finally committed suicide, and Eva Braun came in her place... Unhappy love often ennobles rather than embitters... True, this was not the case with Hitler.

But I think the reason why he was so embittered lies elsewhere.

Hitler was an unfulfilled artist who viewed his failure to gain recognition as an insulting humiliation. I have seen his drawings and think he actually had some mediocre professional talent. But it becomes dangerous when mediocre talent comes together with aggressive megalomania. Hitler was twice turned down by the Academy of Art in Vienna, in 1907 and 1908. Vienna had a large Jewish community at the time--mostly people from Galicia--and perhaps it was Jewish merchants who rejected Hitler's paintings or bought them for a song, little suspecting that they were thereby nurturing their future executioner.

Whatever the case may be, before Hitler became a rat there appeared within him the rat of unsatisfied vanity, which tore at his guts.

It was probably vanity that led Hitler, who had done everything to avoid service in the Austrian army, to volunteer for the 16th Bavarian Regiment, so that he could prove with arms what he'd been unable to prove with his brush: that he deserved fame.

In 1918, at the village of La Montan, he came under a French attack with the poisonous gas "Yellow Cross" and went blind. When the bandages were removed from his eyes and he again saw the light of day he vowed that he would become a famous artist. But on the day of Germany's surrender he lost his sight again, and when he regained it this time he vowed to devote his life to the struggle against Kikes and Reds who didn't understand his art.

To be sure, actually he fulfilled his first vow as well by indeed becoming the most renowned artist of death. He splashed bloody paint across the ripped canvas of the globe, set up sculptures of gallows, erected obelisks of ruins and was the first, even before the American sculptor Calder, to create exquisite compositions of wire. He forced himself to be recognized as a fact, he achieved the goal of being "talked about."

Hitler was a petty speculator pushed to the fore by big speculators. They needed his personal morbid megalomania to launch their speculative dealings on a gigantic, bloody scale. That was why they seized on Hitler. Fascism is speculation on the megalomania of mediocrities.

Mediocrities should be handled with care, especially if you see dangerously energetic sparks of megalomania in their eyes.

It is a grim paradox that the house where Hitler spent his childhood is now the home of gravediggers.

In any country, when things become screwed up they may unravel, if only because occasionally even mealy-mouthed liberals yearn in their dreams for pleasing visions of a strong arm.

Later, in gratitude for their mealy-mouthedness, that arm will lift them by the scruffs of their necks and pack them in camps like so many intelligent sprats.

Hitler knew those liberals' worth. Dabbling with socialism himself, like a circus athlete, he climbed up Hindenburg's drooping moustache onto the stage.

There he is with a microphone in front of the rabble, the sounds echoing in loudspeakers, while fresh swastikas writhe like worms on banners and shirtsleeves.

There he screams and stomps capriciously, with conquered Europe on his mind, while standing like a ghost behind his back is Rohm a butcher in squeaky leggings and riding-breeches.

Rohm thinks: "You were necessary for a while...  
"We'll kick you out, you little fuehrer..."  
And the flickering flames of that torchlit night play on Rohm's scars.

But Hitler, sensing Rohm's thoughts with his back, while continuing to regail the crowd with his antics, thinks: "Don't fool with me..."  
"You were the one we needed for a while, not I..."

Meanwhile Rohm feigns adoration, not knowing that on such a long-knived night he will be skewered like a goose by a many-handed arm.

'Heil Hitler!' scream intoxicated Gretchens shaking whipped-cream curls, and Hitler says with a firm handshake: "What a night, PARTEIGENOSSE Rohm..."

Hearing the footsteps of his lady love, an aged, bloated Duce removed his glasses, and his eyes, sunken from sleeplessness, glittered with so-called sparing tears put in place prior to the take by the makeup-man's pipette. With similar pipette tears in her eyes, Claretta Petacci, who had not betrayed

her lover even as his great ideas came crashing down, made a well-rehearsed rush into the arms of the lonely, unhappy man abandoned by virtually everyone.

"What a shame!" exclaimed the famous Italian film director, and all the judges of the 1984 Venice Film Festival filled the tiny viewing hall with indignant exclamations. "Neofascist perfumery... A travesty of history! A spit in the face of the festival..."

Growling fiercely and waving a pipe which spewed ashes like a miniature volcano, the West-German writer Gunther Grass ducked his head like a bull, his glasses quivering on his nose and his moustache writhing with anger.

"Resolution! Bar the film from being shown at the festival. If it was a German profascist film about Hitler I would do exactly the same."

Looking like a gray-haired Pyrenean eagle who, clinging with curved talons to Mexican cacti, had for so many years gazed bitterly across the ocean at the Spain which he had been denied, Rafael Alberti said:

"It doesn't just smell of fascism. It stinks fascism."

"My sense of smell is in full agreement," the Swede Erikson, looking more like a provincial teacher than an actor, said with mild firmness.

"Shocking," indignantly exclaimed the American sex writer Erica Yong, tossing her curls.

"This is not just muck," said I. "It's pernicious muck, because people will eat it and cry."

The eyes of the management representative darted feverishly, jangling like two black alarm buttons. Half his face twisted somehow to the right, the other half to the left. His nose shifted from right to left and back.

"MOMENTITO! I fully share you sentiments, signors... It's a bad film... It's a very bad film... It's worse than a bad film... It's Italy's shame... But the management is in a difficult position. For the first time we have perhaps the most progressive judges in the world. But forgive me for a bitter joke, signors, progress can only be achieved with the help of reaction. We will be immediately accused of left-wing extremism, 'the hand of Moscow,' yes, yes, don't smile, Signor Yevtushenko! Next year our left-wing management will be disbanded, and in whose hands will the festival wind up? In the hands of people like those who made 'Claretta'."

"So we can't vote against fascism because thereby we'll be helping fascism? A familiar theory," wheezed Grass, his face flushing, looking bullheadedly over his eyeglasses, which had slipped to the tip of his nose.

"Unfortunately that is precisely the case," the management representative said with a helpless gesture. "Yes, yes, signors, it is a shame, but it is so." He even grew pink with civic shame, like a boiled squid.



The famous Italian director in an incorruptible halo of gray hair wiggled his neck uncomfortably as though suffering from an attack of osteochondrosis.

"If we ban this film we could be accused of resorting to fascist methods ourselves," he said, dropping his eyes.

"Although it doesn't change my opinion of the film, I'm against any censorship in general," Erica Yong supported him.

"But this isn't a ban on screening the film, only cancelling its showing at a festival for which we are all responsible!" Grass exploded, his glasses falling from his nose into an ashtray.

"There's something totalitarian in the very word 'cancel'," one of the judges said gently as he covered a sheet of paper with an intricate geometric pattern. "In Italy we don't like words like 'ban' or 'cancel'."

"The film is so weak that it will only arouse an antifascist reaction among the audience," another judge added.

Only three foreigners, excluding Erica Yong, voted to cancel the showing of the film at the festival.

The management representative heaved a sigh of relief, realizing that his salary for progressive efforts had been saved--at least until the next festival.

But Grass persisted in his bullheadedness.

"Resolution!" he growled. "In that case we should at least express our common attitude towards the film in the form of a protest. I will write a draft."

"I'll also write one," I said, sensing that Grass would write something unsigned. That was just what happened.

"You stress too much that the film is profascist, and that is a political accusation. Art must be above politics... In Italy there is no fascism nor profascist sentiments. Isolated small groups are atypical... (Oh, oh, it's a long time since I heard that word "atypical" from even our harshest critics!) Italy never had fascism in the same sense as you had it in Germany, Segnor Grass, for example, we had no anti-Semitism, no gas chambers... Mussolini was no more than an operatic figure--he isn't worth being taken seriously..." the majority of our most progressive panel of judges in the world showered on Grass from all sides.

At first I thought that my milder draft was hailed even enthusiastically. But then collective editing began--and it was one of the most terrible editing experiences in all my thirty-five year literary life. The resolution was read from right to left and from left to right, following the motion of the facial muscles of the management representative, and even from top to bottom and from bottom to top. Every word and punctuation mark was analyzed and examined. At first I was in despair, but then I gradually began to enjoy it. I waited



curiously to see how it would all end, what with the endless changes, rewordings and deletions designed to meet all the often mutually contradictory comments. The final text of the resolution, which retained hardly a single word of mine, was elegantly laconic, like a Persian poetic miniature.

"We the judges of the Venice Film Festival, adhering to the principles of freedom of art, including absence of censorship, unanimously express our moral protest against the sentimental heroization of fascism in the film 'Claretta,' even though we do not forbid it from being shown at the festival."

I read the draft created, so to say, by the whole creative collective, but it was greeted by a dead silence, except for a bull-like grunt from Grass, displeased with the resolution because it was too mild.

I suddenly realized that even in that form the resolution wouldn't be signed.

"Is a collective protest really necessary?" the silence was suddenly broken by the celebrated Italian director massaging his neck vertebrae with a slight groan. "Each is free to express his opinion to the press separately... There is always something shameful in collective protests... I am against any levelling of individualities. Besides, I am sure that with our protest we will make publicity for a film which would otherwise have probably gone unnoticed..."

"Why give aid to reactionaries," the management representative again waved his arms like tentacles.

I liked that celebrated Italian director--I especially liked the way a girl's rebellious, contemptuous gaze caused hotels and skyscrapers to blow up sky high, strewing varicolored junk from closets, while frozen chickens in cellophane shrouds flew off as they finally escaped from refrigerators.

But he himself had taught me how to explode things with a glance, and I blew up the room, scattering fragments of the table around which countless meetings had been held, together with countless sheets of drafts of the unsigned resolution, and only the tentacles of the management representative, fluttering separately from his body, continued to wave and wave entreatingly.

"So that's what you're like, you left-wing intellectuals, defenders of the freedom of speech," I couldn't contain myself any more, precisely because I loved that director. "You readily sign any letters in defense of the right to protest in Russia because it costs you nothing, yet you are afraid to sign a letter of protest against your own Mafia... And I, fool, worked so hard to rewrite it."

The celebrated Italian director's face grew distorted and twitched, I suddenly saw him age before my very eyes with each word he agonizingly forced himself to utter.

"You foreigners will go away tomorrow, but we have to live here!" he cried, stuttering and clutching his neck vertebrae with both hands now. "You don't understand what the Mafia is... They broke the bones of an unfortunate

PAPARAZZO who secretly came to the filming. He barely survived... And I still want to make at least a couple of films before I'm discovered somewhere in a dark alley with my skull broken in by a knuckleduster... Do you understand now?"

Now I understood everything.

The resolution wasn't signed.

When I came to the preview of "The Kindergarten" for journalists, as though shoved in the back by the childish hands of those Siberian boys who, standing on wooden platforms at machine tools, made shells during the war, I again couldn't contain myself and as soon as the lights went on I shouted all I thought of the film "Claretta" and of fascism. I was in a daze, not hearing my own voice, but only the hoarse, raspy voices of the steam engines of 'forty-one bellowing within me.

Then I walked along the deserted nighttime streets of Venice, and Claudia Cardinale's face smirked at me from countless ads of the film "Claretta" which was to be shown the following day.

A young man in a motorcycle helmet had parked his Harley on the sidewalk and was squeezing a girl in the same kind of helmet into a concrete wall. The girl didn't put up much of a resistance, and their kisses were punctuated by the tapping of helmet against helmet. When they got back on the motorcycle I saw on the girl's white T-shirt a swastika which had accidentally rubbed off on the back pressed by the boy against the concrete wall. The Harley roared and raced off in the direction of the public beach, carrying away the swastika clinging spider-like to the girls back. I walked up to the wall and touched a tip of the swastika with my finger. The swastika was fresh.

On Hitler's birthday,  
                                under the all-seeing sky of Russia  
this miserable bunch of guys and girls  
                                isn't just miserable,  
and the earring with the tiny swastika--  
                                sign of a nazi, a racist--  
sticks from the pierced ear-lobe  
                                of a wolf cub, or perhaps simply a cub.  
He, Vasya semi-punk,  
                                together with streak-haired, blue-lidded Nyurka,  
who has in her hair  
                                a similar handcrafted brooch with a swastika,  
stands swaying,  
                                creaking his black  
                                imitation-leather jacket.  
He is orderly.  
                                No way you can get him.  
He stands  
                                in the middle of his country with its mass common graves.  
He says through set teeth:  
                                "Go on, pops, take a load off your feet..."

"What are you fussing about?"

In India it's a fertility sign.

"The Indians, pops, are our friends..."

You know, BHAI-BHAI!"

How could it happen

that these isolated individuals, as we call them,  
were born

in a nation of twenty million, or more--ghosts?  
What enabled,

or rather, encouraged them to appear,  
what enabled them

to embrace the swastika in it?  
Sidewalk pigeons

coo cawingly in the square,  
and the grizzly battalion commander's eyes

radiate fatherly anger  
as he looks at his heirs

playing with swastikas:

a Karbyshev  
frozen again into an icy block

of shame and horror...

But there are names on which history itself places its FUKU after death,  
so that they cease to be names.

During his lifetime people tried not to mention his name, such fear it  
instilled.

One day, fluffed like a hawk in his dark-gray ratine coat with a raised  
collar, he was being driven in his black custom-made ZIM, slowly as usual,  
almost hugging the curb. The golden pince-nez on his beaked nose between the  
scarf covering his chin and the brim of his hat pulled low over his eyes  
glistened through half-drawn white curtains; gray hairs bristled inquisitively  
from his nostrils.

Along the sidewalk, stepping cheerfully over springtime rivulets with little  
boats made of newspapers which may have carried his pictures and swinging an  
oilskin briefcase, walked a slender but rather plump-legged, snub-nosed tenth-  
grader with golden pigtails sticking out from under a blue--the color of her  
eyes--beret with a perky piglet's tail on top. The hawkish man always liked  
rather plump legs--not too plump, just a little bit. He made a sign to the  
chauffeur and the latter, who knew his chief's habits only too well, pulled  
over to the curb. The chief bodyguard politely asked the schoolgirl whether  
she wouldn't like a ride. She rarely had the opportunity to ride cars, and  
she wasn't afraid and accepted the invitation.

Subsequently the hawkish man, unexpectedly for himself, was drawn to her. She  
became his only permanent mistress. He installed her in a separate  
apartment--a rarity then--opposite the Aragvi restaurant, and she bore him a  
child.

In 1952 a school friend of hers invited me and two other poets, known at the time only in the corridors of the Literary Institute but since burdened with fame, to a birthday party at her apartment.

The man himself was out of town and not expected, however, at the doorway lurked two men in rubbers, with unmemorable but well-remembering faces, while their doubles puffed cheap cigarettes on every landing.

The refreshments were served cocktail style, which was not fashionable at the time, and although a victrola was playing tangos and foxtrots no one was dancing and the few guests were selfconsciously hugging the walls, holding plates with virtually untouched stuffed cock combs, spicy Georgian cabbage a-la Guriy, and boneless satsivi chicken in walnut sauce delivered straight from the Aragvi Restaurant under the personal supervision of the great Longinoz Stozhadze, who looked like a retired circus strongman.

"Why isn't anyone dancing?" the hostess kept asking with strained gayity, reaching out in attempts to get someone into the middle of the room.

But the space in the middle remained empty, as though the man himself had suddenly materialized out of nowhere, standing like a hawk with fluffed head feathers in his coat with the raised collar while from the brim of his hat pulled low over his eyes former snowflakes dripped slowly to the parquet floor, counting off the seconds of our lives...

Many years after the hawk-man was shot she became intimate, to use a now half-forgotten expression, with the currency black-marketeer Rokotov, who was later also shot.

Thus, waving her oilskin briefcase, the Moscow schoolgirl entered history because of her rather plump legs--not too plump, just slightly...

It was, if I recall correctly,  
nineteen seventy-seven.  
We were travelling by motor boat  
in the Kolyma country.  
We were spending a night under one chance roof  
when suddenly on TV--  
can you believe it?--  
we saw Paris.

I rubbed my eyes:  
I must be dreaming:  
French Week in Kolyma!  
From the screen Aznavour looked into  
the dormitory--  
a former prison-camp barrack.  
But what makes me really sick  
is a nineteen-year-old Kolyma driver  
boastfully displaying in his truck cab  
a well-known portrait  
alongside naked Playboy girls





And suddenly,  
                    cracking through the table,  
thousands of powerful, reliable arms reach out.  
Hands that broke bread  
                    without making crumbs  
so that I could keep  
                    body and soul together,  
arms which lifted the banner high  
into the sky from the Reichstag,  
arms which brought me up  
so that I would storm the Reichstag all my life,  
and to the lyrics of Parisian actresses  
                                    they bend  
the almost triumphant arm  
                                    back.

But different people ended up in Kolyma, not only the innocent... Seated on a grassy knoll among the crew of a gold-mining dredge with a red challenge pennant fluttering at the mast, which had halted for the lunch break, was a hale and hearty old man in a patched padded jacket with a merry mole on the tip of his nose. The old man was using a Yukagir knife with a fur-sheathed handle to pare a long hothouse cucumber, not the dark-skinned kind with polished sides, but a delicate green with obviously non-sovkhoz pimples. He took a pinch of salt from a matchbox with a picture of Gagarin on it, salted both halves of the cucumber and unhurriedly rubbed them together so that the salt wouldn't crunch on his teeth but would dissolve into the pale, moist seeds. Then the old man took from a tarpaulin bag bearing the logo "Gagra" a bottle with a screw-on cap which contained, despite the Yugoslav vermouth label, an obviously non-industrial liquid in which floated garlic cloves, twigs of dill and parsely, and a red-pepper thimble; he carefully poured some of the liquid into a white china cup without offering anything to anyone.

"You've done good with the cucumbers, Ostapych," one of the workers said with a sigh, looking enviously, not at the cucumber, but at the bottle which had vanished back into the subtropics.

"An' why shouldn't I do good with 'em?" the old man said with a broad grin; he exhaled loudly and crunched the cucumber with such gusto that a seed flew out and settled on his mole. "I've got double panes over the hotbed... Steam heating is best--with fuel-oil... I don't forget to fertilize 'em... A cucumber is like a person--it appreciates good care..."

"We know how you, Ostapych, took care of people in the German gas-van in Dnepropetrovsk," the worker, who felt himself cheated out of the home-brew, muttered.

"Let bygones be bygones," the old man said tolerantly and turned to me as though seeking support. "I've done my twenty years and have long joined, you could say completely, the Soviet working class. So why should they reproach me with that gas-van? It's not as though I pushed people into it: I only closed the door..."

"Unfortunately, he's our best team-leader," the mine manager whispered morosely. "Last year his team topped all others in all respects. We had to award it the challenge pennant. But how could we place it in the hands of a POLIZEI? We finally found a way out: awarded him a travel voucher to Gagra and then presented the pennant to his deputy... That's how it is..."

The man who betrayed the Young Guard--  
no,

not Stakhovich,

nor Stakhevich--

now lives among Indians,

aging unpunished.

Owner of a seedy bar

under the sign AT THE SAMOVAR,

he makes do, more or less,

and everyone calls him

Don Pedro.

He wears a Catholic cross.

His family

grows,

and his grandchildren crawl about the floor of the bar--

little barebottomed Indian kids.

He chews

betel,

as the custom here is.

He

is a benefactor of the local drunks,

but hearing his native tongue,

he started,

eternally in the dock.

He wiped his hands on his pants,

brushed a glitter off

quivering eyes

and shoved me my record,

DO RUSSIANS WANT WAR?

"Don't play it..."

"I won't..."

"How did you find me,

Judas that I am?

"What can I offer you?

Coming, coming..."

"You want the truth?

The whole truth?"

He escaped from Krasnodon

to Venezuela

via Munich,

and he drunkenly recounts

the horrors of the Gestapo.

"Here you are, almost on a pedestal,

but have you

ever, UNA VEZ, been tortured?



effort to every word, boring his finger-tips into snow-white temples as though his sculptured head of a Far-Eastern commissar was continuously racked by headache.

Boys and girls in Young Pioneer kerchiefs, holding cribs which were for once compiled with the eager participation of their teachers, ardently declared that if they were subjected to Gestapo torture they would withstand it like the immortal heroes of Krasnodon.

I raised my hand, stepping out of line. There was a slight commotion in the presidium, but I was given the floor. I said:

"Boys and girls, how I envy you for being so self-confident. But I have a serious shortcoming. I cannot stand physical pain. I'm afraid of syringes, inoculation needles and dentist drills. Not long ago, when I had polyps removed from my nose, I screamed terribly and even bit the doctor's hand. So I don't know how I would behave under Gestapo torture. I solemnly promise all of you, and you, Comrade Fadeyev, that I will overcome this shortcoming of mine in the Young Pioneer spirit."

The majestic chest of the representative of the city education department heaved with horror. But she fought courageously and at the last moment replaced the cry of public indignation ready to escape from her modestly painted lips with a deep pedagogical sigh.

"This boy is the shame of Dzerzhinskiy Rayon," she said in the doleful voice of the pastry-cook in THE THREE FAT MEN after the balloon salesman was blown through the palace window into his newly-baked cake of candied fruit and whipped-cream roses. "I hope the other pupils will worthily oppose this hostile statement..."

Suddenly, Kim Karatsupa, nicknamed Tsupa, who sat at the desk behind me and always copied my literature compositions, came forward. Tsupa was transformed. He walked up to the rostrum not with his usual slouching Maryina Roshcha gait, but almost goose-stepping like at a military drill. Tsupa smoothed his red curls and uttered in the voice not of a Young Pioneer but of a Young Pioneer counsellor:

"As Korolenko said, 'Man is made for happiness like a bird for flight.' But can cowards afraid of our Soviet doctors fly? Such cowards were mercilessly branded by Gorkiy: 'Those born to crawl cannot fly.' The cowardliness of garter-snakes does not become us continuers of the cause of the Young Guard. We pioneers of seventh-B grade of school number two fifty-four unanimously denounce the behavior of our classmate Zhenya Yevtushenko and think we should raise the question of his continued membership of the Young Pioneer organization..."

"Why 'unanimously'? Speak for yourself!" I heard the voice of my soccer-field companion Lekha Chinenkov, nicknamed China, but his remark was drowned in general applause.

"Hold it, hold it, children," said Fadeyev in an unexpectedly high youthful voice as he stood up. His face was covered with an unnaturally bright, feverish flush. "This way you can throw out the baby together with the water... It's very easy to pound your chest and declare that you can withstand any torture. But Zhenya here sincerely confesses that he is afraid of syringes. I, too, am afraid. Show your courage and let all who are afraid of syringes raise their hands!"

The audience laughed and a forest of hands rose. Only Tsupa didn't raise his hand, but I knew that during a smallpox inoculation he gave away a ticket for a Dynamo-TsDKA match for another boy to get the nurse's needle.

"A coward is not one who voices doubts about his capabilities but one who conceals them. Courage is sincerity, when you speak openly of the shortcomings of others and yourself... But you should begin with yourself," Fadeyev said with a for some reason sad smile.

The hall which had just applauded Tsupa now equally loudly applauded the writer.

The majestic chest of the representative of the city education department heaved a sigh of relief.

"Our dear Aleksandr Aleksandrovich offered us all an example of a healthy attitude towards one's shortcomings when he took comradely criticism into account and produced a new, much better version of MOLODAYA GVARDIYA," she said.

Fadeyev again screwed his finger-tips into his snow-white temples...

My elder son

                    rubs the carpet with his sneaker.

He is an enigma

                    to me, his father,

                                    and to himself.

What will he be?

                    Who will he be?

                                    At sixteen

he is

                    an as yet undiscovered answer.

My elder son stands before the teacher council,

my elder son is

                    my most difficult son,

like all reserved children

                                    the world over,

he is alone.

He is a slow thinker,

                                    although terribly young.

He has that awful habit

of saying nothing, no matter what.

                                    He even earned the nickname



Closemouthed.

But even in his silence he is prickly.

He went and got himself an outlandish haircut,  
and at the lesson,

the teacher, a crown flashing angrily in her mouth,  
branded him:

"Fascist!"

Who gave that teacher the right  
to sound a civic false alarm  
and kill a non-killer--

may he go to the dogs!--  
with the contemptible name of killers?!

Oh, if Ushinskiy could come back from the grave  
he, would, perhaps, call her a fascist.

However, I must take myself in hand.

I am not objective.

I am a father.

My elder son

is certainly no angel.

As I wrote,

"shy and insolent,"

he stands

like a shaved porcupine.

Silent,

with a reputation of a school Stepan Razin,  
he stands,

a mute anthology  
of grammatical and ethical mistakes,  
but still, he's not a stranger,

he's my own.

They tell me sorrowfully:

"He has a hobby--

nonanswerability.

"Come answer, Petya,

learn the habit!

"Say something, at least in front of your father!

"Your son is some kind of a deaf-mute.

"He has some antagonism

towards educators.

"The other day we were studying the character

"of Raskolnikov... Again he was silent as an owl...

"How is one to approach a person who says nothing?

"Why were you silent,

why?"

At that he dug a sneaker into the floor  
and suddenly took revenge for the shaven hair:

"Because your question

"already has the answer..."

All hell broke loose,

from shouts to squeaks:

"I asked,

as we should

"according to Marxist methodology  
"and the clear instructions of the city education department...  
"Now why are you grinning so shamelessly?  
"You see now

                    what we have to cope with?  
"You see what your son is like?"  
                                    "I see."

And indeed,  
                    I suddenly saw him.  
He silently took with him through the crowd  
the aching absence of an answer  
and the pimples of his age on his forehead.  
And I am close-mouthed, too,  
                                    albeit glib with words,  
closemouthed,  
                    even though I blab endlessly,  
cornered,  
                    alone, like an adolescent,  
but without a father...

I have two other boys, Sasha and Tosha. They aren't being hauled before teacher councils yet, since Sasha is only six and Tosha is five.

When I taught Sasha to read his progress was slow but, probably according to Freud, he immediately read aloud the word "skirt." Like most children on earth, my sons are constantly around skirts, not around my pants, which are forever going off somewhere. Sasha began to walk at the right time and talk at the right time. Sasha has a curious mixture of explosive energy which scatters things in every direction and sudden attacks of depressive sentimentality. He can turn everything upside down and then suddenly stop dead, forehead pressed against the window pane, watching rivulets of rain stream down it and thinking of something for a long time.

Tosha suckled poorly, he didn't grow and lay without moving. His cranial fontanel wouldn't close.

"The boy is bad. Very bad..." the famous neuropathology professor said in a creaking voice and shook her spotlessly white cap.

The ominous word "cytomegalovirus" entered our home.

But my English wife Jan, whose name our Caucasian acquaintances like so much, would not give up. She wouldn't let Tosha die, she wouldn't let him lie without moving, and she talked and talked to him, even though he probably couldn't understand her. But they say children can hear and understand things even when they are still in their mother's womb.

One early morning Jan shook my shoulder with eyes filled with happy tears:

"Look!"

And I saw the tow head of our youngest son with already half-intelligent eyes rising over the side of the crib made from remnants of dismal office wood laminate.

The cytomegalovirus had already done its work: it had already destroyed some brain cells. But with Victorian doggedness passionate Jan discovered the newest program of physical exercise, when three people don't let the child rest, move his arms and legs and make him move himself. A continuous labor. Eighty exercises from ten in the morning to six in the evening. Then other cells become active and assume the functions of the destroyed ones.

Helpers appeared. Some proved capable of only brief surges, disappearing soon after performing their one-time humanitarian duty. I've noticed that many people can be volunteers only on public assignment, they are incapable of being voluntary volunteers. But there were also those who worked like horses.

Jan herself, of course. Our family's guardian angel, former Kaluga nurse Zina, to whom Tosha uttered the very first word in his life, "Zi." Tatar geodesist Valentina Karimovna with her stealthy nomad's gait and prune-like eyes--Ki. Ukrainian Vera, whose thesis had been on child education in Japan, although for reasons beyond her control she had never visited the Land of the Rising Sun--Ve. Marina, a graduate psychology student, a Siberian descendant of exiled Poles--Ma. A Jew, a famous water poloist and simply a good person--Igor. Abkhazian student Valera, who secretly writes poetry, won't ever be a poet but will surely be a fine father--Le. Driver and billiard-player Vadim, who looked like Ilya Muromets and at the same time the millionaire Savva Morozov who supported an underground organization, who would bring gifts--a pair of bronze candlesticks won in a contest, a jar of marinated mushrooms from his native Yaroslavl--Di. My elder son Petya--Pe. The most disciplined helpers were the English students from the Russian Language Institute for Foreigners, who would sing to Tosha during his exercises his favorite song BLACK SHEEP, vying only with KROKODIL GENA. Tosha called the students J, E, Ru, and Meh. But the most difficult name June he somehow magically said at once.

A virtual international formed to get the boy on his feet. The international prodded and kneaded him like a sculptor kneads clay. The international sculpted a person from him. And the grateful little person diligently crawled over the floor, blowing at burning matches hovering before him, grunting as he climbed up and down a ladder, turned from one side to another, hurtled up to the ceiling in a rope swing, puffed in a transparent air mask, and his violet mother's eyes gradually began to think while his legs, formerly so awkward, like a little wooden calf's, began to walk more and more firmly on the ground.

But observant instructors also appeared in our house. They were horrified that people played with the child with matches. Wide open transoms made them shiver as though shaken to the very foundations. While one lady, former manager of the banner section in the Cultural Goods Store on 25 Oktyabrya Street who had come to inquire whether we didn't need a housekeeper (the word she used to avoid the to her humiliating word "maid"), tragically lifted her hands when she saw Tosha's gymnastic equipment and flying rings attached to the ceiling.



we must,  
                     we must...  
 But what if we  
                     have no soul  
 beneath our didactic nonsense?  
 A teacher is a doctor,  
                     not a mentor,  
 and the school is  
                     a maternity home.  
 First earn the right to teach,  
 then teach.  
 We must fight for children's souls--  
 but how?  
 Toy weapons are abominable  
 in children's hands.  
  
 We must fight for children's souls  
 with inoculations of shame,  
 to prevent them from ever  
 growing up to be  
                     a fuehrer  
                                     or a duce.  
 But before we enter with our stern didactics,  
 raring to fight  
 for children's souls,  
                     it's time for us grown-ups  
 to purge our own...

In 1972, I was reciting poetry to American students in a covered stadium in St. Paul, Minnesota; I was standing in the boxing ring, from which the metal poles and ropes had been imprudently removed. Suddenly I saw a dozen or so young people running towards the ring. I thought they wanted to congratulate me, shake my hand, and stepped towards the edge of the ring. Only at the very last moment I noticed that their faces were far from congratulatory, but hard and businesslike, and they had no flowers in their hands. A multitudinous "Ah!" echoed through the hall, because the audience saw something I didn't see: several more young men climbing into the ring behind me and rushing towards me from behind. A powerful blow to the back sent me sprawling, right under the feet of oncoming "congratulators." Everything had been well-timed. As I lay on the floor they quickly began to kick me most efficiently with their feet. The only thing I recall was what at the moment seemed like a gigantic corrugated sole of a mountain-climber's boot with a pink strawberry chewing-gum wrapper stuck to it descending rhythmically on my ribs like a hammer. And also, through the feet aiming at the pit of my stomach I could see feverish photo-flashes and a young girl photographer who had dropped to one knee and was taking pictures of my beating as efficiently as I was being beaten. Albert Todd, my friend and interpreter, rushed to me, shielding me with his body. Actor Barry Boys grabbed the microphone stand and began to swing it like a club, accidentally knocking out a totally innocent policeman's tooth. Regaining its senses, the crowd rushed towards the attackers who, caught and lifted from the ground, continued to kick the air with their feet as though trying to finish me off. The detained attackers turned out to be



American- and Canadian-born children of Bandera followers who had collaborated with Hitler; it was as if fascism, which had been unable to reach out to Zima station during the war, was trying to get me in America. Swaying, I climbed back to the ring and continued to recite for another hour or so. Strangely, I felt no pain. During the party after the concert the young girl photographer came up to me. Her fine-chiselled swanlike neck was entwined, like snakes, with the straps of a Nikon and a Hasselblad.

"Tomorrow all America will see my pictures..." she said consolingly and at the same time proudly.

As a professional she may have been right, but for some reason I felt no desire to talk to her. Her professional instinct proved to be stronger than her human instinct to help. Suddenly I felt a terrible pain in my lower rib and doubled over.

"There's no fracture," said the doctor, examining an emergency X-ray taken at the nearest hospital. "There is a crack... It looks like they hit an old crack... Have you ever been in a car accident or some other fracas?"

And suddenly I remembered. Instead of the corrugated sole of a mountaineering boot with a pink strawberry chewing-gum wrapper sticking to it I saw above me, rising and falling on my ribs in the same way, the heel of a black-marketeer's boot with the glittering crescent of hobnails, when they were beating me up in a nineteen forty-one market-place. I told the doctor the story and suddenly noticed something like tears in his unsentimental eyes.

"Unfortunately we in America know little of what your people and your children suffered during the war..." the doctor said. "But I could visualize what you told me as in a movie... Why don't you make a movie about your childhood?"

That is what began the moving "Kindergarten" in me: a blow to an old crack.

Ever since my first cracked rib I most of all hate fascists and black-marketeers.

They are hitting an old crack,  
hitting me,  
                  a kid,  
Hitting me,  
                  a youth,  
hitting me,  
                  almost gray,  
declaring war on me.  
Fascists and  
                  black-marketeers are beating  
all the living and the young,  
striving to hit talent with their heels  
in the  
                  pit of the stomach.  
Butchers  
                  and bakers

are hitting an old crack.  
They are hitting not only the past--  
they are hitting the future.  
The Black Hundred is worldwide.  
With a neutron axe,  
it dreams of an atomic pogrom,  
like an anti-Semitic pogrom.  
Under its feet are children.  
It instills fear in them,  
and terror on the planet  
and terror in the skies.  
They hit ideas  
                    and countries,  
they trample nations in the dust,  
they reopen so many old wounds  
of the long-suffering earth.  
But among all and any pogroms,  
untouched by spike or knife,  
from all my breaks  
I'll build unbrokenness.  
No matter that I've been locked so long  
in combat with the Black Hundred.  
I haven't broken...  
                    I will not break  
because of a crack in my rib!

"What fools they are," Pablo Neruda chuckled, looking through a fresh issue of the newspaper MERCURIO, which was once again raking him through rather stale muck. "They write that I'm a two-faced Janus. They underestimate me. I have not two but thousands of faces. But they don't like any of them, because they're not like their faces... And thank God they're not..."

It was one of Chile's rare snowy winters of 1972, and crying seagulls swept over Neruda's ship-like house, mixing with disturbing, foreboding snow...

There is a third choice--to choose nothing,  
when two falsehoods are offered surreptitiously,  
so as not to become either a lickspittle or a slanderer  
in someone's dirty tricks.

It's more honest to die somewhere in a ditch  
than to opt for the dubious honor  
of fleeing from hatred for our own scum  
into the arms of other people's scum.

It's shameful for a true intellectual,  
proud of his unrecruited soul,  
to break ostentatiously with his country  
and then join hands with outside reactionaries.

It was an entirely different intellectuality,  
a time when, in the struggle for a higher ideal,

it would have been unimaginable for Hertsen  
to publish his KOLOKOL at Springer's.

When your enemy is a jackal, a shark is no friend,  
but there is a third choice: among all the bickering  
to sit down between two chairs, if both chairs  
are differently, but equally, dirty.

But my third choice is not simply "between."  
There are more things than dirty chairs on earth.  
My choice is in the struggle for universal hope.  
Without universal hope one cannot be a citizen.

I have chosen what I could not but choose.  
I hold it equally abhorrent  
to cringe obsequiously before the people  
and to turn one's back upon one's country.

Pinochet's hand didn't seem strong when I shook it, but rather boneless,  
bloodless, lacking in character. The only unpleasant impression I retained  
was the cold moistness of his palm. That is just what I recorded in brief  
characterizations of the guests in my yellowed notebook of 1968 following a  
party in Santiago given by one of the executives of Lan Chile airline: "Gen.  
Pinochet. Provincial. Cold, moist hand." I think we discussed something,  
holding glasses Macul, one of the best wines in the world. If I could have  
foreseen what he would become I would probably have remembered more. The  
second time I saw him was in 1972 on a platform in front of La Moneda, where  
he was standing behind President Allende, who was speaking much too  
emphatically of the Chilean general's loyalty, as though he was trying to  
convince himself of it. Pinochet's eyes were shielded from the searchlights  
shining into his face behind dark reflecting glasses.

The third time I saw Pinochet was in the spring of 1984 during a stopover in  
Santiago en route to Buenos Aires.

The general was smiling at me smugly, though somewhat tensely, from a huge  
portrait in the airport, as though saying: "And you considered me  
provincial." Under the Pinochet portrait was a newspaper stand without a  
single Chilean newspaper. When I asked the saleswoman the reason she looked  
about and whispered confidentially:

"They have almost no text... Mostly white strips--censored... Even  
MERCURIO... That's why we don't sell them..."

And in a souvenir shop nearby I saw, with a start, a cheap mass-produced  
minted profile of Pablo.

Those who killed him were now selling him.

I stand like my own ghost  
On PUENTE DE LOS SUSPIROS--  
Bridge of Sighs--

overlooking gurgling water spouts.  
 Nobody sighs here in the night anymore.  
 Old sighs  
     are dying.  
 A knife glitters behind every palm-tree.  
 Its better to be a ghost--  
     they won't knife you.  
 In the previous life  
     and the previous era,  
 with my former  
     almost beloved,  
 we used to eavesdrop  
 on other people's sighs over Lima.  
 And we sighed,  
     too,  
 unabashed and blameless,  
 and the whole universe  
     spread bluishly  
 over our skin.  
 And even the sleeping cars  
 sighed with a creak,  
     strenuously...  
 We understood each other's sighs,  
 and that means  
     we loved.  
 Not a Che Guevara follower,  
 inhaling space with a sigh,  
 you weren't afraid of running risks in love--  
 it was your guerilla action.  
  
 You disappeared  
     like a sigh, Raquel,  
 your ancient Biblical name  
 absorbed in universal mildew  
 like the deadly swamps of Bolivia.  
 As for me, I've lost my way,  
     only half come true,  
 Like Raskolnikov,  
     somberly quiet,  
 I returned to the place  
 were our sighs--  
     yours and mine--  
     were murdered.  
 I am not with that woman,  
     nor is she with me.  
 Two substitutes,  
     surrogates,  
 and the mangy cats  
 on the mossy rails of the bridge  
 are supercilious,  
 and no one is sighing.  
     Emptiness.

Neither sighs  
nor yelps  
will help.  
Utter vacuum.  
I fought with walls,  
with quagmires,  
that at least had some--albeit liquid--  
density.  
I am surrounded by quagmire  
and croaking.  
Apparently the most liquid thing is  
vacuum.  
But I slam my face into vacuum:  
apparently  
vacuum is  
the hardest thing of all.  
To vacuum every living thing is tasty,  
and it swallows even screams.  
The crookedly hanging  
bridge  
clad in green moss  
is deserted.  
When they lack the strength to shout  
people can still sigh.  
A person disintegrates,  
melts  
if he lacks the strength  
even to sigh.  
Can sentimentality  
have turned into trampled dust,  
leaving prisons,  
hospitals,  
and churches  
as the last havens  
of sighs?  
Have we forgotten how to sigh?  
Are we afraid to sigh,  
because,  
if one expands one's chest a bit  
it will, as in Chile,  
encounter bayonets?  
A country dropped into mud  
becomes a  
Pinochet land...  
On PUENTE DE LOS SUSPIROS,  
next to your shadow,  
Raquel,  
I sense knives behind my back,  
bayonets  
and rockets behind my back.  
Only the sea sighs thunderously.



and drunks sigh  
                                uproariously,

pretending  
                        that all is fine  
and therefore they've no cause to sigh.

Imperialism creates volcanoes.

I was in the bunker where Somoza once hid when the scorching lava of the revolution was approaching Managua.

To my surprise it wasn't an underground bunker. The gray barrack-room building concealed several rooms: an office, dining room, bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen. There was even a tiny Japanese garden. All this was for some reason called a bunker.

"Touch it," the captain accompanying me offered with a smile.

I touched one plant, another--they were all plastic. An antipopular dictatorship is like a plastic garden: no matter how much the court flatterers praise the fruits of dictatorship they can be neither eaten nor smelled.

There is a bullet hole in Somoza's leather armchair--it was made by a Sandinista soldier, who fired in a rage at not finding the tyrant in his lair. I was told that on the night they captured the bunker the soldiers slept here without removing their boots--some in Somoza's alcove, some on the couch, some on the floor. A line formed to the bathroom with mock waves. A homeless woman with a child dropped off right in Somoza's armchair, and the child picked at the bullet hole, pulling out the padding with its finger.

I was amazed that there wasn't a single book in the bunker.

"He didn't even read the papers, because he knew beforehand what would be written in them," the captain said disdainfully.

I would never,  
                        I would never,  
in reality  
                        or in my dreams,  
have seen you,  
                        Nicaragua,  
if I didn't have a heart within me.  
Their heartfelt feelings for the people were expressed  
by those killers who,  
                        when in their cups,  
cut out a rebel's  
                        heart  
with a dull policeman's dirk.  
But, swathed in breath,  
                        like smoke,

the heart continued to beat in a tight bundle.  
The dogs raised their hackles  
when the heart was thrown to them.  
In one last mortal finale  
by blood-spattered boots,  
the longing for freedom  
continued to beat in the heart;  
this, too, is one of the freedoms.  
The blood of the dead can't be hidden in safes.  
Blood is on

tuxedos,  
uniforms,  
fur coats.

There is no such thing as a great dictator--  
they are all

nothing but inflated nonentities.  
The thrones of all dictators stand  
on dishonesty,

on semi-honesty,  
on the banquet tables of Pompei,  
on soldiery,  
on the police.

No,  
it is not for you to speak of human rights,  
heart cutters of the century!  
Are reprisals

a right?  
Or the clamping of mouths,  
or bigotry?

Human rights  
include the right  
to a heart that is not cut out.  
Freedom has so many components,  
but the people plus rebellion  
is awesome.

There are no  
dictators who cannot be overthrown.  
There are those  
who are overthrown too late.

Following the collapse of the military dictatorship in Argentina, the 1984 international book fair in Buenos Aires was innundated by virtually everything that had been banned. For the first time in so many years formerly illegal literature was displayed openly: Marx, Engels, Lenin, Jose Marti, Che Guevara, Fidel Castro. The torrent of freedom also swept along thrash. Kropotkin and Bakunin rubbed shoulders with illustrated histories of bordellos, and further on stood Mao Tsetung, KAMASUTRA, Trotsky, Bukharin, the Swedish bestseller CONFESSIONS OF A LESBIAN. Delighted Argentinians almost dismembered the Italian writer Italo Calvino when at a reader's conference he uttered the masochistic expression of left-wing intellectuals which has come to be regarded as banal in Europe: "We have all become inveterate liars. It's time to stop." Unable to comprehend the flowers being tossed under his

feet or the bright-red smudges of lipstick imprinted on his cheeks by the lips of sobbing Argentinian women, Calvino blinked his eyes with bewilderment. He had probably simply forgotten, or never known, that only a year earlier if more than two or three persons assembled in the streets of Buenos Aires they were arrested and frequently disappeared without a trial or investigation, shot or smothered somewhere in dungeons or vacant lots or drowned at sea. In many cases their bodies were thrown into construction pits and immured in the concrete foundations of new hotels and banks. Thus appeared in Argentina the awful word DESAPARECIDOS--the vanished.

Thousands of people lined up to see the first uncensored political film made in Argentina after a script by Uruguayan emigre Mario Benedetti. At the words of the hero, a morally decadent Argentinian Klim Samgin still suffering from pangs of conscience, to the effect that "All our newspapers are only good for wiping one's behind," the audience applauded and stomped their feet.

The halls of the book fair were jammed with people lugging huge shopping bags and even sacks who had come to buy formerly banned books. One had to stand in line for an hour and a half just to get a snack. I got pretty hungry amidst that feast of the mind. When someone's hand carried a paper tray on which lay a bun with a smoking hotdog smeared with a golden stream of mustard past my very nose, almost touching it, I involuntarily licked my chops. Suddenly the hand carrying the little tray removed the sandwich and with startling candor stuck it right into my mouth for me to take a bite. Precisely: not breaking it in half but shoving it.

"Only half, COMPANIERO," a deep, almost male but nevertheless female voice said, to be on the safe side.

As I hungrily chewed the sandwich I saw before me a tall woman of about my height; she had dark hair streaked with occasional slivers of white and a rucksack slung behind her powerful shoulders. Outlined inside the rucksack, which was filled to the throat, one could see the sharp edges of book covers. What amazed me was the woman's almost Siberian, wartime kind-heartedness towards a hungry person.

We introduced ourselves. Her name was Magdalena. She was a village teacher who had come from a distant mountain province to buy some books for the school library.

I invited her to the literary cafe. As we walked I examined her surreptitiously. Magdalena was about thirty-five. She was pretty in a way, even though everything in her was straightforward, somewhat abrupt and enlarged: words, gestures, hands, feet. Her legs were stockingless, scratched, apparently, by mountain thistles; shod in dusty mountain boots, they were tanned, shapely and unencompassable; true, they were somewhat too substantial, like Doric columns. But especially attractive were her knees, sticking independently from under her linen skirt with peasant embroidery: strong, powerful, like the foreheads of two little elephant calfs. She intercepted my glance and smirked, not angrily but disapprovingly.

The walls of the literary cafe were covered with poetry which read like legalized proclamations by poets who had vanished without a trace during the dictatorship. Magdalena hardly touched her wine. She stood up, leaving her rucksack with the books on the floor, and walked slowly along the walls, reading and moving her lips noiselessly. Then she sat down and gulped down the whole glass. She was totally unself-conscious, and therein was her charm.

"I knew many of those poets personally," Magdalena said glumly.

"Did you attend their recitals?" I asked.

"No, I arrested them," she replied.

I am telling you this,

I, Magdalena,

a former policewoman.

You can see

that I'm not in blood up to my knees,  
in fact, such knees are valued.

We weren't allowed

any minis,

but I didn't stoop

to the official maxis,

and my knees stuck out

like two little round mines

over boots in government shoe polish.

And when I searched in Buenos Aires

for enemies of the state in the vicinity

I liked to see

that people feared me

and at the same time

drooled over my knees.

Because of my height,

at school they teased me "water-tower,"

and I hated it, so I became

an informer

and, desiring to save Argentina,

in my reports I painted

a terrible picture

of a school plot in which

even first-graders

wrote coded notes

on blotting paper.

I was noticed.

I was given a nickname.

Contact with the police

became habitual.

But informing

was morally humiliating.

I wanted

to go over to a new quality.

And,  
     controlling Río del Plata,  
 I saved Argentina  
     for police wages.  
 I dreamed of getting involved  
     in a detective adventure.  
 I was still young,  
     still attractive  
 and I used to dry my shoulder-belt  
     over the gas stove  
 so that it would creak  
     more menacingly.  
 I joined the police  
     out of conviction  
 and partly because  
     I hated bureaucratic institutions,  
 but the police  
     turned out to be a bureaucratic institution, too,  
 also staffed  
     with mug upon mug.  
 I was a patriot  
     and good at karate,  
 and none of my chiefs pawed me,  
 though they ravished me with their eyes,  
 but that's everywhere,  
     as you know yourself.  
 Our agents  
     labelled as agents  
 anyone  
     whom they considered intellectual.  
 All those thinkers whom I arrested!  
 Just short of Aristotle.  
 I would break,  
     like a tank,  
 into apartments  
     selected in advance,  
 and the joy of the government assignment  
 caused the holster on my side  
     to dance a tango.  
 But I noticed  
     that during searches  
 my distinguished colleagues  
     would pocket  
 tape recorders,  
     and especially video recorders,  
 and this  
     offended me  
     ideologically.  
 And gradually, not without difficulty, I understood  
 things which not everyone can understand:  
 the state's servants  
     were ugly,







"Besides it's closer to Peruvian territory... probably," the police chief over there probably said and also faltered when it came to the current state of relations with Ecuador.

The ship slowly sank before our eyes together with the remnants of the crew. There is nothing more terrible than when people are abandoned by other people.

I couldn't fall asleep that night in Letetia, village of crocodile hunters, and for some reason remembered the bulldozer operator Sarapulkin in Kolyma. He wouldn't have abandoned them.

Inside Cheops's pyramid  
                                it is oppressive,  
  damp,  
  and scary.

Rats scurry in the semidarkness  
  around the sarcophagus,  
but I will tell you about  
                                the sarcophagus of Sarapulkin,  
Kolyma  
                bulldozer operator.

Sarapulkin grew less in height  
  than in chest.

It was broad--  
                        keep away!  
And a red taiga sprouts  
                        from that same chest  
Through the holes in his stiff, worn shirt.  
His chest  
                and his head are red,  
and also his nose,  
                        his cheeks  
                                and ears!  
If only he would share an extra freckle!  
He's covered all over  
                        with gold, like a Persian shah!  
But his speech is peppered,  
                        frankly speaking, with salty expressions.  
He pulled a lever  
                        and stepped on the gas,  
darting glances  
                        from under an oily cap,  
so oily that if you squeezed it  
                                you could fry potatoes!  
Fidgety,  
                excitable,  
                        one early morning  
on his well deserved  
                        day off,

Sarapulkin  
                   is shoving  
                                   boulders  
 on the bank of the Kolyma,  
                                   turbid from washed gold.  
 He honks  
                   a warning  
 to gophers  
                   springing from under roots,  
 and a majestic structure  
                                   takes shape,  
 not a meaningless  
                                   heap of stones.  
 There is nothing like it,  
                                   drat and blast it,  
 In either Novodevichye  
                                   or Vagankovskoye cemeteries!  
 "Look here, Sarapulkin,  
                                   what's this yer makin'?"  
 "I,  
     comrade,  
                   am building myself a sarcophagus."  
 "Are you loony or what?  
                                   Screws got scrambled?"  
 "Who do you  
                   think you are, Pharaoh?"  
 "Get out of my way,  
                   you drunkards,  
 "or help me.  
                   Don't stand gaping there."  
 "I  
     am against historical slavery and serfdom.  
 "I'm personally opposed  
                                   to any cult of personality.  
 "But in what way am I,  
                                   I ask you,  
                                   any worse than Cheops?"  
 "That's why I'm building myself a sarcophagus.  
 "In Russia,  
                   comrades,  
                                   the working class  
 "once called cops  
                                   pharaohs.  
 "All the best things were made  
                                   by working millions,  
 "but where,  
                   I ask you,  
                                   are their sarcophagi?"  
 "I erected monuments to myself  
                                   in bridges and dams.  
 "Why should I be shoved into a grave  
                                   as into a basement?

"I never  
     ever  
     exploited anyone,  
 "and I never  
     let anyone  
     exploit me.  
 "Of course,  
     I'm no Pushkin or Vysotskiy.  
 "It's hard for me to vie with their fame,  
 "but I don't like the advice:  
     'Don't stick your neck out!'  
 "I wan't to stick it out  
     far!  
 "Imagine,  
     comrades,  
     how awful life is for Pugacheva:  
 "all mankind pesters her,  
     people write  
     and phone.  
 "But I am smarter.  
     I don't need cheap fame in my lifetime.  
 "I want to be famous after my death!  
 "Modest people will think  
     that this is immodest  
     and awkward,  
 but I'll keep on building...  
     Let some fool  
     out there in the Pentagon  
 "think that a new missile launcher is going up,  
 "but it's Sarapulkin  
     building a sarcophagus for himself!  
 "'What's this thing?'  
     a Martian tourist  
     with tiny children  
 "will inquire  
     in the year three thousand.  
 "And they'll tell him:  
     'Sarapulkin's sarcophagus!  
 "'There was in Kolyma  
     one such bulldozer operator'...  
 "Well, will you help me  
     or slouch off for vodka?  
 "I see in your eyes:  
     you need a pharaoh  
 "Incidentally,  
     I'm using exclusively saved fuel,  
 "so the state  
     is suffering no loss.  
 "You'll be late to the store?  
     Some workers you are!



"You're no working class,

you're just  
trash.

"You'd be better off building yourselves sarcophagi,

"perhaps you'd be drinking less then..."

And, rejecting all pharaohs outright,

as well as drunkards craving

for a drink,

he sends them off

to the tool that conceived them...

That

is Sarapulkin's type of FUKU!

Antonio Gramsci once said, "I am a pessimist in my observations but an optimist in my actions."

I have seen the devastation of war,

but the world of hypocrisy is also devastation

False peacemakers

have telltale ratlike faces.

To all those

who have sown poverty of body

and soul--

FUKU!

We've forgotten the name of the builder of the temple of Diana of Ephesus,

but we remember who burned the temple down.

Excessive honor to a fascist cub.

To all you

Herostratoses,

castrates,

jailers,

hangmen--

FUKU!

Do informers and toadies

deserve fame?

Why must a language

tolerate the names of stool-pigeons?

But there it is, linked with the name of Christ is the slimy name of Judas--

FUKU!

Why should that butcher, Alexander the Great,

deserve statues?

Or Napoleon the Pantheon?

Why such an honor to a bloodied

fat man?

In museums, wherever you look

you see celebrated scum...

FUKU!

Bismark crawled into history

like a moustached dung-beetle.

Rasputin is smeared over books

like a thick gob of spittle.

It's time to blow the snot  
out of world encyclopedias--

FUKU!  
And for what deserts have you  
not yet lapsed into oblivion  
and continue to jerk on the screen,  
even though you've turned to dust,  
corporal, Columbus of genocide,  
blitzkrieg and gas chambers?

FUKU!  
And to you, bloody small fry,  
provincial Cheopses  
who clambered over bodies  
to reach for the top,  
Somosas, Pinochets,  
and banana generals--

FUKU!  
To all those whose arms are in blood  
but who wish to look clean  
while holding in ready reserve  
barbed wire,  
to all those in whom there's even a speck of a rat,  
to all those in whom  
there's even a speck of a fascist

FUKU!  
Jack Ruby is more famous than Bosch.  
But the fame of a nonentity is paltry,  
and if someone takes it into his head  
to press the button  
the last word  
the planet will scream heart-rendingly will be  
FUKU!

Siqueiros was painting my portrait.

On a paint-spattered stool between us stood a bottle of wine from which we  
would drink in turn because we were both worn out. The canvas was turned away  
from me so I couldn't see what was happening on it.

Siqueiros had the features of Mephistopheles.

A couple of hours later Siqueiros stuck his brush into the by then empty  
bottle and abruptly turned the canvas towards me.

"Well?" he asked triumphantly.

I maintained a depressed silence as I looked at something flattened and rock-  
hard soulless. But what could I say to a man who had first fought against  
Pancho Villa and then joined him in an attempt on the life of Trotsky? Our  
scales were incommensurate. Nevertheless I mumbled timidly:

"It seems to me something is lacking..."

"What?" Siqueiros asked imperiously, as though bullet belts again crisscrossed his chest.

"Heart..." I squeezed out.

Siqueiros didn't move an eyelid. His revolutionary stamina served him well.

"We'll fix that," he said in the voice of a person prepared to expropriate a bank. He took the brush from the bottle, dipped it in bright-red paint and swiftly drew a heart on my chest, like an ace of hearts. Then he winked and wrote with the same paint in a corner of the portrait: "One of Yevtushenko's thousand faces. I will draw the missing 999 later." And he signed and dated it.

Trying not to look at the picture, I changed the subject:

"Aseyev once wrote these lines about Mayakovsky: 'But there are some hazy stories, churning the dusty road of rumors, that lost somewhere in far-away Mexico is a child of his.' You met Mayakovsky when he visited Mexico... Is it true that he has a son?"

Siqueiros laughed.

"Don't waste your time looking... Tomorrow morning when you shave don't forget to look into the mirror."

It's still too early for me to say my last word--

I am speaking almost  
finally,

like a half-vanished ancestor,

dragging my body between the times.

I,

am an accidental scrap, a leftover

of an epoch that never left scraps.

History gagged on me,

it gave up gnawing,

didn't eat me.

Almost finally:

I

am a merciless, exact and tough replica of evacuation,  
and there's no need for a tag

to recognize me.

I was molded in blizzards

by the clanging couplings of railway cars

like rusty palms of the Transsiberian Railroad.

Almost finally:

I walked about in devil's skin

like an heir of hell.

The legs of my pants

rattled in the cold

like a frozen water spout,

and the devil's skin grew onto my own,  
and in fights it saved  
my backbone,  
and wouldn't come off,  
eternal.

Almost finally:  
once I cried  
in the shade of mud-spattered roadside branches,  
pressing my head  
against the red-and-yellow prohibiting sign,  
throwing up  
everything stuffed into me  
at various sumptuous banquets.

Almost finally:  
the epoch has danced on me--  
from dirty boots to ballet shoes.

I was not on the stage--  
I was the stage, in epochal blood and vomit,  
and I am sure  
that one day you'll call an exploit  
what you had thought was not blood  
but a craving to be on the stage,  
in the limelight.

Almost finally:  
I am the lost voice of all the voiceless,  
I am the half-dispersed ashes  
of a novel burned by someone.  
In frightened, decorous parlors  
I am a spokesman for all back alleys,  
offspring of prison bunks,  
delicers,  
barracks,  
black markets,  
thieves' nests.

Almost finally:  
I,  
who for half my life hunted with a bent fork for meat  
in canteen cutlets,  
who at age nine  
swore foully in my aunt's presence,  
will come to our descendants  
with the marks of strangers' hands on my shoulders  
like Lermontov epaulettes,  
with a policeman's polite "come with me."

Almost finally:  
I'm a contemporary of all ages,  
compatriot of all earthmen  
and even galactic people.

Before I die,  
I,  
like an Indian in rusty Columbian bracelets,

will croak "FUKU!"

to phoney immortal  
tyrants.

Almost finally:

poets

have become as scarce as

Peter-the-Great coins.

They even frighten

their global neighbors.

But I will come to terms with our descendants--

one way or another--

almost frankly.

Almost dying.

Almost finally.

Havana-Guernavaca-Lima-Managua-Santo Domingo-Caracas-Zima Station-Venice-  
Magadan-Gulripshi-Peredelkino. 1963-1985.

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CULTURE

WRITERS PRAISE YEVTUSHENKO'S POEM 'FUKU!'

Moscow LITERATURNAYA GAZETA in Russian No 2, 8 Jan 86, p 2

[Unattributed report: "A Discussion of a Poem"]

[Text] Yevgeniy Yevtushenko's poem "Fuku!" (Noviy Mir No 9, 1985) was discussed at a regular session of the USSR Writer's Union Council on Essays and Publicistic Journalism. L. Zhukhovitskiy, Al. Mikhaylov, V. Amlinskiy, V. Shugayev, A. Zlobin, V. Oskotskiy, I. Chernoutsan, A. Salutskiy, V. Ustinov, A. Markov, M. Aliger, V. Sokolov, A. Tkachenko, A. Yudakov, I. Shklyarevskiy, P. Shermukhamedov (Uzbekistan) and M. Lvov spoke on the growing level of artistic, publicistic journalism in all genres of literature, including poetry. It was emphasized, in particular, that this is an outstanding feature of contemporary poems, which represent a fusion of lyric and epic poetry. In the opinion of those gathered, Yevgeniy Yevtushenko's poem "Fuku!" has become a notable phenomenon of our literature. It responds to many of life's questions in a pointed, publicistic and civic spirited manner. The author put in an appearance at the conclusion of the meeting. Yu. Gribov and V. Savelev conducted the session.

CSO: 1800/336-P

CULTURE

YEVTUSHENKO'S POETRY: POLITICAL FRANKNESS HURTS ARTISTIC MERIT

Moscow NOVYY MIR in Russian No 2, Feb 86 (signed to press 6 Jan 86) pp 232-247

[Article by Yevgeniy Sidorov: "Under the Banner of the Times: The Poems of Yevgeniy Yevtushenko"]

[Excerpt] Beginning in the mid-1960's with "Bratsk GES" [Bratsk Hydroelectric Power Plant], Yevgeniy Yevtushenko has continually employed the major poetic form. He has published 14 long poems ["poema"] -- a fact which is remarkable and has no quantitative analogues (after Vladimir Lugovskiy) in contemporary Russian poetry. However, Yevtushenko could not say, like Yustinas Martsinkyavichyus, that "the long poem is my way of life, communication, and expression." (In Russia this situation may perhaps fit the poetic nature of Yegor Isayev much better). Yevtushenko writes long poems parallel with works of other genres which he views as equal -- lyric poetry, prose, sociopolitical commentary, and criticism. On this level, too, the long poems represent an energetic attempt at a broad understanding of the present day and active, publicistic intervention in the conflicts and problems of the age. But Yevtushenko's long poems themselves, in turn, contain a kernel of conflict between the urgency of the problems stated and the depth of their artistic understanding. This is the topic of the article presented.

"Zima Junction," written in 1955, already contains many motifs and plots of the future "Bratsk GES." Ten years lay between the two long poems. And what years! These were years of change which determined, among many other things, the destiny of that generation to which Yevtushenko belongs.

The 20th CPSU Congress was held in February 1956. The people were told the bitter truth about the cult of personality and its consequences. The period of the difficult restoration of Leninist norms of party and social life began.

Yevtushenko sensitively captures the murmur of the times and his youthful lyric long poem "Zima Junction" is permeated with the breath of coming changes. Like Yesenin, he tries to create his own "Anna Snegina." He prostrates himself before the sources and the small native land in order to return to the big world in a renewed condition, to wipe doubt from his soul, and to be strengthened in faith.

But there are always means at such a time  
to gather new ideas and strength,  
touching again that land on which  
you once floated barefoot.

Like many of Yevtushenko's other long poems, "Zima Junction" is a story about himself and about his times. Faith in the high ideals of life and revolution collide directly in the poem with skepticism and disbelief. Yevtushenko draws the character of a rundown Moscow journalist who has come to Siberia to do an essay. His talk with the author at a table in the Zima tearoom is the central episode of the poem and very important for its confessional-publicistic structure.

The journalist speaks:  
And what about the writer now?  
He is not the master  
but the curator of thoughts.  
Yes, changes, yes,  
but behind the speeches  
is some kind of misty game.  
We confirm what we kept quiet before,  
we keep quiet about what we did before...

"Zima Junction" revealed not only the poet's publicistic gift, but also the great potential of his smooth narrative verse, which is so appropriate for development in the long poem in particular.

Looking greedily and lovingly into the life of his countrymen, the poet also notices many things that pain him greatly: drunkenness, the poor work of the city Soviet, the petty tyranny of the kolkhoz chairman, long lines at the rayon store, and shattered personal destinies. The poem also talks about the Komsomol and contemporary young people. This discussion is started by an old Zima Junction man who knew the poet's mother when she was a Komsomol member: "No, the young people today aren't what they used to be." Even here the author does not enter into an argument; he appears to just listen and observe until the time comes, taking in impressions of life, accumulating them for interpretation, and preparing himself for the decisive choice, for his future path...

In the concluding part of the poem Zima Junction itself addresses the poet, consoling and giving him these parting words:

You are not the only one in the world today  
who is searching, thinking, struggling.  
Do not grieve, my son, that you did not answer  
the question that was asked of you.  
Be patient, look closely, listen,  
and keep searching.  
Travel the whole world over.  
Yes, truth is good  
but happiness is better,  
but still, without truth there is no happiness.

Grant that at times the work is naive and pretentious; even so this early poem of Yevtushenko's honestly and truthfully expressed the feelings that engulfed many people on the eve of the rejuvenation of Soviet life. For the first time in his creative work, the poet here addressed history, trying to draw a mental link between the destiny of his ancestors exiled to Siberia from the Ukraine for a peasant uprising and the revolutionary struggle of the subsequent generations of Zima Junction people, among them the author's relatives and friends (many years later this motif would appear in the long poem "Mama and the Neutron Bomb"). It was no accident that the sense of revolutionary history came alive in such a way in those unforgettable years. The whole path had to be covered anew to confirm the immutable truth of Lenin's ideas. A tragedy had to be overcome in order to preserve a pure faith in socialism.

The young poet is one of the first to speak of this, and the country heard him. Later, in his most important long poem, "Bratsk GES," he makes an attempt to unfold a poetic history of revolutionary Russia -- from Stepan Razin to our day.

Yevtushenko's idea and his daring boldness must be given due credit. He took an enormous burden upon himself, and this civic and poetic courage in itself undoubtedly deserves respect. When the poem came out the critics, while speaking with approval of particular fragments and chapters, still gave most of their attention to the imperfection of the poem within its genre, its fragmentary nature, verbosity, and rhetorical character, and so on. (The critic A.N. Makarov evaluated the poem most objectively at that time). The time has now come to reread "Bratsk GES" and calmly decipher the lessons, merits, and miscalculations of this work, which was a program work for Yevtushenko. He himself called it "the heaviest stone I've ever unearthed."

And you know, builders --

I was working a difficult construction project,  
and on an overcast day  
of my existence  
I laid down the awkward first line  
of this complex poem  
in the shadow of my beloved,  
as if in the shadow of my conscience.

With Yevtushenko the social and public are always united with the personal and intimate, as in the lines just cited. One permeates and penetrates the other, sharply enlarging the poet's lyric "ego."

The construction of the large poem was in fact difficult. It required that the movement and composition be thought out and the heterogeneous parts unified into a single whole. Inasmuch as Yevtushenko did not employ a plot here, other compositional reference points had to be found. The idea arose of a dialogue between the Bratsk GES and an Egyptian pyramid which was supposed to bring together, in a publicistic manner, two extreme viewpoints of the nature of man and his role in history.

The pyramid:

They say  
that slavery has been abolished...  
I do not agree:  
even more powerful is  
the slavery  
of all racial prejudices,  
the slavery of money,  
the slavery of things  
. . . . .

I see:  
the human spirit is weak.

In man  
one cannot  
but lose faith.

Man is  
by nature a slave.

Man  
will never change.

Bratsk GES:

Ruthless hunger  
has gnawed and strangled us,  
typhus winds  
have shaken us,  
but we have not fallen away  
from our bones and from our veins,  
and even --  
from desperate faith.

And around us is poverty,  
bare feet, and nakedness.

but we built  
and ate coal.

We did not go cap in hand...

Never,  
never  
communards will not be slaves!

Everything is correct but the dialogue still sounds quite artificial. It is difficult for the reader to imagine a pyramid and the Bratsk GES talking, even more so when both of them express themselves in perfect Yevtushenko manner, in no way concerned over any distinct lexical individuality. The author gives the symbols of total skepticism and infinite faith too directly and rationally and he himself, it seems, senses the artificiality and arbitrariness of his design, by which the historical and contemporary chapters are supposed to merely illustrate the viewpoint expressed by the Bratsk GES and "convince" the pyramid that it is mistaken. The pyramid is convinced, judging from everything, since in the middle of the poem its "pensive specter" suddenly disappears in the predawn sky. It disappears never to return.



Soaring abstractions are absolutely contraindicated for Yevtushenko. His "general" thoughts are extremely simple; as a rule they contain nothing new at all, but rather have already been acquired by many people before him. Therefore, the "poetic" complexity of what is clear to everyone looks deliberately complicated and awkward in Yevtushenko's work. He is strong in precisely the living, concrete sense of life and history. And the poem "Bratsk GES" showed this remarkably.

It is not the specters of pyramids or even great heroes of the past but the real dramatic destinies of our contemporaries which are most moving when one reads this work, although there are also inspired successes among the historical chapters -- "The Execution of Stenka Razin" and "The Fair in Simbirsk."

Hydroconstruction engineer Kartsev, dispatcher Izya Kramer, and concrete worker Nyushka Burtova represent three Soviet generations at the Bratsk GES. Their fates cannot be called typical and in many respects they are exceptional, but it is precisely for this reason that Yevgeniy Yevtushenko concentrates his attention on them. For him they embody the difficult, tragic events of our history and at the same time its optimism and its desire for what is bright and good. For him these people are the salt of the earth because they have gone through ordeals and preserved themselves without losing their dignity and their faith in man and in the just, common cause.

Immediately after the long poem "Nyushka" came out, the critic Mikhail Lobanov briefly restated its plot: "In a word, the revealed picture of creation saves Nyushka from suicide. She is lying in the maternity home and the entire brigade brings gifts for her. Is this Yevtushenko writing such banalities after having himself jeered at every kind of routine and old-fashioned thing in art and so on?"<sup>1</sup>

One has to possess a certain spiritual insensitivity in order to see nothing but banality here.

In "Prayer before the Long Poem," which opens "Bratsk GES," Yevtushenko "humbly" asks for help from the great Russian poets in order to carry out the idea of his work and summarize "everything that came before it." Of course, it is impossible to fulfill such a fantastically broad plan, and another poet would try to limit what he had conceived in some way, holding it to reasonable limits. Another poet, but not Yevtushenko. He also appeals for help from almost all the classical authors although it is clear that most of them could in no way help him, so far are their spiritual and stylistic traditions from the sprightly and fleet-footed muse of our hero. Pushkin, Lermontov, Nekrasov, Blok, Pasternak, Yesenin, Mayakovskiy... The prayer-like appeals are stylized according to the verse of each of them. Perhaps only the thirst for Mayakovskiy's "absolute hostility toward the dregs of society" and Nekrasov's name are completely appropriate here.

Calm my playfulness, Nekrasov, and give me  
the pain of your excised muse --  
by formal entrances and railroad tracks  
and in the expanses of forest and field.  
Give me the force of your inelegance,  
give me your excruciating deed  
so I can go on, dragging all of Russia,  
like boatmen with a towline.

"To drag" all of Russia is, of course, said too strongly and loudly, but such is Yevtushenko's nature and such is the scope of his idea.

Centrifugal forces break the poem into pieces and the poet's artistic will is unable to control this spontaneous process. The impression is created that Yevtushenko abandons the struggle with his own creation; it has escaped from artistic control. Not only does the Egyptian pyramid but also the Bratsk GES itself disappear somewhere time and again under the improvisational pressure of the author's sociopolitical commentary.

So be it, but the efforts are not spent in vain, and much of "Bratsk GES" is vivid and timely even now.

In "Bratsk GES" the poet spoke his mind on the main issues which disturbed him and his contemporaries. As well as he could, he showed the reader the image of Russia which had achieved the light of socialism through suffering, related the tragic pages of Soviet history in plain terms, sang of the laboring man on whom our land relies, and branded all kinds of dregs and scoundrels ("prokhindey" -- a favorite word of the author), of which there are still quite a few around. The civic service rendered by the author of "Bratsk GES" is indisputable. We must remember this with gratitude.

As for artistic costs, a person who takes more on himself always makes more mistakes. And the song that we sing is still to "the insanity of the brave," not to the reasonableness of the careful ones.

The long poem "Kazan University" (1970) continues the historical-revolutionary theme in Yevgeniy Yevtushenko's creative works: "... as in the Bratsk GES, Russia was revealed to me in you, Kazan University."

This work is more rigorously constructed. It is compact and not as verbose as "Bratsk GES," but because of this there is less poetic novelty in it. The poet unintentionally begins to repeat himself since the principle of the poem's construction and its main idea basically remain as before.

Using the example of historical figures who studied and taught at Kazan University or whose lives were somehow linked with Kazan, the author gives his scheme of the development of Russian revolutionary-emancipation thought and its battle with tsarist autocracy: "The history of Russia is the struggle of free thought against the stifling of thought."

Yevtushenko sensed well the social need to turn to the historical past of the people and to Russian literary classicism, but in his own poetry,

unfortunately, he masters the classical lessons of the past only on the surface level.

Nonetheless, when trying to grasp the meaning of the poem, you have questions for the poet. Mother-Volga is beautifully described, but is it really true that it flows only with the blue blood of noble revolutionaries? Further. Troikas, gypsies, "drunkenness and dueling" -- but is it worth it to so vigorously take up narrow-minded, we would now say, opinions on the leisure activities of the best of Russian nobles who at the same time "went to the scaffold for the peasant"? Is there not an echo of precisely these superficial ideas in the author's poetry itself? A fine strong image: the undecomposed bodies of the Decembrists who were hanged beat the drum of the Russian sky, but then follows a foppish detail, a play on words which sharply diminishes the impact and meaning of the picture: "the hanged reprobates." Is Kakhovskiy a reprobate, or Ryleyev? But enough, every person who knows the history of the Decembrist movement even roughly has the right to shrug his shoulders with bewilderment. But what a person won't do for literary effect, even hurting himself.

In constructing the historical narrative, Yevtushenko decided to dispense with real facts, relying on documentary testimony. The poem consists of 17 chapters and an epilogue; the excerpts from Kazan University archives and letters and articles by progressive and reactionary Russian figures of the past century already seem to contain a brief synopsis and the conflict of the particular chapter, which are then made concrete and illustrated in verses. It must be said that in certain cases the epigraphs produce a greater impression than the verses themselves. This effect, of course, was not planned by the author.

The owlsh dark shadow of the chief procurator of the Russian Synod Konstantin Pobedonostsev emerges in the poem as a symbol of the official conservative ideology of tsarist autocracy: "The Russian people do not need education because it teaches one to think logically" -- we read in one of the epigraphs.

These voices contrast with the voices of another Russia -- Lobachevskiy, Vera Figner, Lenin. The epigraphs carry the breath of history and the ideological and class struggle. The poet must be given his due: the portraits of Vera Figner, Lobachevskiy, the young Lev Tolstoy, and Lenin remain in memory as good verses and as vivid, spirited sociopolitical writing.

One of the most expressive chapters of the poem is "Saturday," where Yevtushenko creates a generalized image of drunken Rus, drowning sorrow and hope for social emancipation in wine. A drinking binge, encouraged by the autocratic powers, becomes the symbol of slavery.

People who are  
blue from cold  
embrace the lanterns.  
Forty degrees outside  
forty degrees inside.  
Who is tormenting Russia?  
Who is ruling Russia?

The glass mistress --  
 cursed vodka.  
 Trotting horses race over drunken bodies.  
 Lord,  
     what is being created!  
 In Russia now vodka is  
 like an empress!  
 A sealing-wax crown  
 on the tsaritsa's head  
 and a dill pickle for  
 the state scepter.  
 Your eyes,  
     Rus,  
         have faded  
 and in your weakened fingers is  
                 a tremor.  
 You will not sail far  
 down our Mother-Vodka.

The comparatively short narrative poems "Ivanov's Cotton Prints" (1976) and "The Nepryadva" (1980) are essentially variations on what was already said in the historical chapters of "Bratsk GES" and in "Kazan University." National history will not release Yevtushenko; he declares directly: "He who is not a historian is not a poet."

In principle it is not worth looking for any allusions in Yevtushenko's historical verses and long poems. What he wants to say as a rule he says directly without being clever. Sometimes he even says it straightforwardly, which is dangerous for art. As soon as his topic becomes deeper -- it does not matter whether it is sociopolitical, lyric, or psychological -- the verse immediately becomes stronger, the words instantly fall into place phonetically and in terms of meaning, and the form begins to be complete.

But this is what is surprising: in the process of many years of professional work on verse, Yevtushenko somehow has not consolidated what is best in himself and what is the most fruitful; it is as if he does not realize where he is strong and where he is weak. Back in 1968 Vladimir Ognev pointed this out: "In Yevtushenko the light writing and automatism of well-organized production are disturbing. Skill is not only being acquired; it is also being spent..." And later: the poet "does not comprehend innovation even where he creates it spontaneously."

In the poem "The Nepryadva," dedicated to the 600th anniversary of the Battle of Kulikovo Field, Yevtushenko as usual intermingles epic sketches and lyric monologues. The poem's patriotic pathos is apparent but, like a contemporary small river, it grows shallow in the eyes and its speech proves to be a repetition of what has been heard many times from the poet. Obvious awkwardness arises in the concluding part. After justifiable words on the Nepryadva River as a symbol of Russian liberation from the Tatar-Mongol yoke:



Everything false does not survive.  
This symbol remains alive.  
Only then does the symbol not grow shallow  
when it is never false from the beginning...

there follows a sudden likening of the poet Yevtushenko himself to the symbol of Russia:

Before writing verse with a delicate pen,  
I in essence fear one thing:  
that a secret  
    drought  
might befall me myself.  
If I am also a symbol of Russia  
almost half-forgotten by some,  
I want them to resurrect me  
and read me  
    again and again.

Something similar which escaped from the poet's lips once earlier is recalled: "My last name is Russia and Yevtushenko is a pseudonym." Now Yevtushenko unintentionally compares his poetic battles with the Battle of Kulikovo Field. Not one Russian writer (with the exception, perhaps, of Pushkin) felt in his soul the moral right and artistic right to speak of himself as all Russia or during his lifetime claim to be one of its symbols. Yevgeniy Yevtushenko easily overcomes this obstacle. And he is immediately greatly diminished in the eyes of the readers.

The point is not that the scope of the historical battle and the ideological-artistic battles of the modern poet, even a major and talented one, cannot be compared, but that the poet who does not understand this, at that moment ceases to be a major and talented poet.

At times Yevtushenko has poetic black-outs where his sense of measure and responsibility for the word suddenly leaves him. It becomes more and more difficult to return to genuine, living poetry after each such breakdown.

"The Nepryadva" was written in a difficult spiritual period of the poet's life when he earnestly felt the need for changes in himself, was having trouble writing lyric verse, and had already begun working on the novel "Yagodnyye mesta" [Berry Places]. Most likely, it is for that reason that the motifs of self-affirmation, polemics, and his primacy in formulating civic and national-historical themes are so forced in the poem. This text clearly does not radiate freedom and necessity although, as always with Yevtushenko, there are also smooth, precise pieces and pictures here.

The style of noble indignation and oratorical denial of ideas of the "paths of Russia" which are alien to the author continues to be an outside stimulus of poem development. The poet also argues with both the "neo-Slavophile" intoxication which had seized part of our intelligentsia and with technocratic cosmopolitanism:



Westernizers and Slavophiles --  
it is an old debate.  
They argue after death and the grave  
even now.  
And those living argue beyond the grave,  
following the example.  
Some sweetly idolize the Russian game of "lapta"  
and others -- scientific-technical progress.

Yevtushenko chooses the third path, rejecting the ideas of both the  
"technocracy lovers" and the "lapta lovers":

I have no desire to argue with you.  
I love both Russia and the USSR.  
Our laboring Rus is not some thing,  
it is scientific-technical progress, too.

The stream of current journalism, generally strong with Yevtushenko, here  
fills almost the entire range of the poem. Even the historical personages of  
Prince Dmitriy and Bobrok are anachronized to such an extent that they carry  
on an inconceivable dialogue before the battle (!) and the prince's loyal  
comrade-in-arms bolsters Dmitriy with the opinion that "It is a sin, in  
desiring Russian paradise, to hate all Tatars... They cannot all be Mamay's."  
It is just a stone's throw from this to proletarian internationalism!

I repeat once again: for Yevtushenko history is merely illustrative material  
for contemporary designs. He could hardly be suspected of a "complete absence  
of the vanity of bias." But then, it was precisely this absence which Pushkin  
believed to be the ideal for a writer's approach to a historical plot.

On the other hand, when the poet returns to the present day and to the daily  
life and labor of his contemporaries, he is successful much more often. The  
long poem "The Northland Bonus" (1977) is one example.

This is a poem with a plot, and it again demonstrates the potential of  
Yevtushenko's narrative verse. Poems with plots are hardly ever written in  
our country today and there are historical explanations for this. I cannot  
deal with such a complex theoretical issue in detail for lack of space. I  
will only say that the erosion of the epic as the generic essence of the long  
poem genre also erodes the genre itself, turning it into a kaleidoscopic  
collection of ballads, lyric verse, author's monologues, and the like. Such  
"genre-permissiveness" is usually justified by the "internal plot" and the  
need to "lyricize" life in a major poetic form, since the reality of the  
second half of the 20th century and the very experience of the Russian Soviet  
long poem after Tvardovskiy supposedly prove that narrative forms no longer  
"work" today.

Yevgeniy Yevtushenko demonstrates an enviable freedom in his approach to the  
genre. "The novel is whatever you like," said Zola, and Yevtushenko could  
repeat these words in regard to the long poem. Of course, such a "broad" view  
inevitably leads to artistic eclecticism, but this eclecticism at times proves  
to be more significant and interesting than slavishly following strict canon.

Yevtushenko remains faithful to the narrative, to "prose" in poetry, to current journalism, and at times to the feuilleton; they do not allow verse to lose touch with concrete, unadorned, noisy, boisterous, laughing, and crying life. It is important only that the verse still remain verse and that the prose of living reality develop on its rhythmic, intonational, and melodic basis.

The dramatist and prose writer Mikhail Roshchin once noted in one of his reviews: "Contemporary literature is culpable before man; it has engaged a great deal in undressing him, exposing him, and belittling him, and thrusts his flaws into his eyes. This is probably necessary. But writers are not able and do not have the right to do this without a love for man. There are writers who know this but write anyway, even though they feel no love. Yet love is a thing that either is there or is not. You will not fool anyone about this."

Yevtushenko has this feeling, and it is the best thing that he has.

Turning to Yevtushenko's long poems on foreign topics, one can clearly see that he conscientiously tries to follow one of Mayakovskiy's main themes which B.M. Eikhenbaum called the theme of the "debtor".

The poet  
    is always  
            a debtor of the universe.  
Paying  
    for sorrow  
            interest and fines.  
I  
    am in debt  
        to Broadway lights,  
To you,  
        Baghdad skies,  
To the Red Army  
            to the cherry trees of Japan --  
To everything  
    about which  
        I did not manage to write.

Yevtushenko has many similar confessions. Through the decades this exchange almost never seems like a formalistic imitation or stylization; it continues a spiritual tradition and is very organic and natural precisely for this poetic character.

My fate and drama are in millions of faces.  
My personal pulse beats in millions of  
                                hands,  
Yes, I am not free of the mother of Vietnam,  
of Cambodian widows, and of Dallas  
                                bullets.  
(Prologue to "Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty")

Yevtushenko's "American" long poem was written with breadth and quite resourcefully. Prose pieces are included in its fabric where the author's meetings with Senator Robert Kennedy, the artist Salvador Dali, the Abkhazian peasant Piliya, the Chilean architect Gonzales Figueroa, and other renowned and unknown real people are related. Fragments of documentary prose help the poem hold together. They fasten together the montage of verse monologues of the most diverse personages -- both fictitious and historical ones. Later the long poem "Fuku!" would be constructed on this same principle.

But, as the reader has already learned, in Yevtushenko anyone or any thing may speak. The monologues of people and objects are his favorite device, used constantly precisely in long poems. But the large form cannot be constructed on monologues alone; voices must enter into counterpoint and form a compositional unity. And then the author himself, Yevgeniy Aleksandrovich Yevtushenko, usually appears on the scene and tries to interlink the disassociated multitude of voices by means of open text.

Naturally, he does not manage to achieve a counterpoint in this way. But this does not unsettle Yevtushenko very much. He is poet-moralist, poet-sociopolitical commentator, and poet-orator, and the artistic world of his long poems is maintained exclusively by the force of intonation. This force also links together the barbaric crowd of words and persons, inconceivable in any other poet.

In the long poem "Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty," we hear the voices of Martin Luther King, hippies of various ages, a former anaconda hunter, a student with a Marcuse collection under his arm, an American poet, Hiawatha, a moderately liberal elderly gentleman, a professor -- a specialist on the theory of nonresistance to evil, Rodion Raskolnikov, Pancho Villa, Averill Harriman, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jesus Christ... We will cut the list short; one cannot list all of them. Each of them discusses the problem of violence.

(In parentheses I will note that Yevtushenko's American student expresses himself in completely astonishing language. "Little Mother America" alone is worth something, not to mention other colorful phrases. But such language "trifles" do not interest the author very much, and his American is fully able to speak in the Russian manner).

This entire conglomerate of legendary personages condemns modern America which kills its best sons. The Statue of Liberty, hollow on the inside and open for tourists to visit, in the poem becomes a symbol of pharisaism and social falsehood. In the concluding part Yevtushenko switches to his own emotional monologue, trying to combine the themes of violence and liberty:

Nature does not give just anyone the talent  
to be like the immortal carpenter,  
but there is still liberty in the world --  
if only not to become pharisees.

[continued next page]

We are becoming tired of all kinds of rabble,  
Disbelief catches those who are tired in a net,  
but there is still liberty in the world --  
if only to die for liberty.

The author of "Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty" cannot deny good intentions, vital energy, and civic pain. But, without speaking of the fact that the poem is too verbose and illustrative, in it -- and this is the main thing -- very serious social and philosophical problems related to such categories as liberty, violence, and revolution are slightly "adapted." Later, in the long poem "Mama and the Neutron Bomb," the poet's thoughts become more well-grounded. The righteous pathos is still apparent but historicism is lacking, which makes all blood which has flowed guiltlessly equal. This is true in the highest philosophical sense, but after all, a real historical situation does exist and finally, revolutionary violence does exist. The murder of President Kennedy in Dallas and, let us say, the death of President Allende in Santiago are in principle different situations by nature of the tragic element. Moreover, being against murder by no means automatically signifies being for liberty. This has its tragic dialectics which must be taken into account when subjects are broached which are so significant for the destiny of man and the world.

A constant theme which can be called the role of the artist in the contemporary world occurs in all Yevtushenko's long poems. In the poem "Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty," this theme is emphasized in the choice of a political position. The cynical apoliticism of the renowned surrealist Salvador Dali, who divided all people into "creators" and "common people," naturally leads him to justification of violence, fascism, and atomic insanity. ("Evil and good -- what childish categories! I prefer brilliant evil to universal good.") Listening to Dali, the author thoughtfully exclaims: "Oh, it is not true, it is not true that a work of art lives independently of the artist! Like the portrait of Dorian Gray, it changes along with the artist, engraving the shadows of its treachery on his face... If in reading even the finest book, we know about the baseness of its author, whether we want to or not we cannot accept it in pure form."

Artistic aristocratism and a position "above the squabble," on the far side of good and evil, for Yevtushenko are inconceivable and hostile; they fundamentally contradict his education and convictions.

You speak to me of liberty! Idle posturing  
under the protection of fatal bombs hanging in the sky.  
To be free from one's own century is disgraceful,  
a hundred times more disgraceful than to be its slave.

In the 1970's Yevtushenko continued work on his foreign poems. Frequent and lengthy trips abroad yielded material. The long poems increasingly gravitate towards plot narrative and the poet comes to face the problem of form, which needs renewal. His rhyme and meter are already too crowded and too conventional; they do not give room to the freely flowing story. A process of making verse into prose occurs. In the long poem "Snow in Tokyo" (1974), the author turns to free verse for the first time.







Like a snake the idea of suicide creeps into the author's brain: "... but if I alone am the cause of your misfortunes and your illnesses, I will help you eliminate that cause!"

Here I immediately feel like saying: "lyric hero" rather than "author," so frankly and nakedly does he confess to us. But knowing the circumstances of his life and his character, I still say "author" since that is who he is. The author, who in creating the poem now overdramatizes himself and the circumstances in hindsight, still has the complete right to do so.

A dove which has come from somewhere far away and scratches on the window pane with its beak saves the poet from suicide. He does not look like his fat Moscow brothers. "But perhaps he came from Chile?" The memory takes the poet back to Santiago in 1972 and the poem goes on its way.

This dove, which switches the author-hero's consciousness to another, optimistic register, is quite naive as a compositional device. But Yevtushenko is little concerned with psychological motivations and the naturalness of transitions from one lyric situation to another. His spirit wanders where it will and at times moves so capriciously and with such a lack of motivation that one gradually gets accustomed to this endless Brownian movement. It is precisely moving the action and beginning the tale that is important to the author and for a start the dove, which perishes in Santiago, ressurects in Moscow, and ultimately flits into the work's title, is entirely fitting.

Politics bursts into the poem and imperiously decides the fates of its heroes. One of them -- President Allende -- is the key figure in the history of Latin America of the second half of the 20th century.

Yevtushenko managed to create a convincing portrait of the Chilean president, a man of irreproachable decency and great social and moral duty. This is essentially what destroyed him. "Allende was more intelligent than his murderers, but he was not intelligent like the tyrant who is squeamish about nothing." When the "pseudo-leftists" suggested to the president that he shoot 10,000 strong and hidden enemies of the new democratic regime (General Pinochet was on the list), Allende categorically rejected this suggestion: "But what if even one is innocent?"

In recent years we have done a lot of talking and writing about the politicization of literature and art. Yevgeniy Yevtushenko was the first one in his generation to deal with international political problems, and, beginning in the 1930's, they have not left his creative works. The artistic side of embodying political themes in his verses can be debated, but the poet must be given his due: he always tries to be in the planet's intense hotspots where the struggle for democracy and social liberation is going on -- in Cuba and in Vietnam, in Chile and in Nicaragua. He tries to be there and to see everything with his own eyes and to engrave it in verse reportage.

The menacing theme of the murder and suicide of contemporary mankind arises once again in Yevtushenko's long poems "Mama and the Neutron Bomb" (1982) and "Fuku!" (1985). The very attractive qualities of his poetry -- natural

democratism and internationalism -- are fully reflected in them. They are poem-deeds, caused by a genuine desire to help the cause of peace, make his small contribution to it, and awaken social activism in the reader. Poetry cannot save the world but without it the world will perish. Consequently, the artist is called on to continually remind people of why they came to earth, even if at that moment few people hear and understand him.

I already wrote in detail about the poem "Mama and the Neutron Bomb" just after it came out and therefore I will not repeat myself.<sup>2</sup> Concerning Yevtushenko's new, long poem "Fuku!" a title that sounds unfamiliar in Russian, I will restrict myself here to a brief, general description.

In an Indian dialect "Fuku!" is a name taboo. History, that old mole as Marx called it, frequently buries in obscurity the names of rank and file soldiers who have fallen in the cause of social liberty, but immortalizes the main murderers of mankind along with the great heroes. The scope of genius and of villainy interests history most of all. As a rule it operates with absolute quantities, at times making their value and sign secondary.

Poetry is not like that; it has its own laws. The Fuku of poetry washes away the stamp of hero from the executioner and condemns him to a negative existence in human memory. Yevtushenko's political poem thrusts into the history of the 20th century and interprets it as a tragic duel of the revolutionary forces of good and freedom with fascism in all its manifestations. It is filled with a spirit of the struggle against the "rat poison" psychology of the Philistine, both native and foreign.

In Yevtushenko's new poem all those imperfections which have become the chronic mark of his poetic character and a sign of his style are also clearly manifested: an excess of words, pretentiousness, and violations of style and compositional measure. And there is something else quite important. When genuine pain and courage are juxtaposed with posing and egoism, it is very difficult to get rid of the idea that both the pain and the courage load because of this juxtaposition.

One can and must regret this, firmly remembering one thing: what Yevtushenko wants and is able to say, no one else among us is saying. It remains to love the best in him and understand the significance of his unique voice and his civic position in the literary-social life of our time.

Let us draw certain conclusions.

Yevtushenko's long poems, like all his work in literature, are least able to produce an impression of a harmonious and artistically mastered world. In them nothing is stable, everything breathes with disorder and raging onslaught, as on a stormy sea. The ship of verse continually strikes against the reefs of form, and verbosity and rhetoric overwhelm it. The compositional ties split at the seams.

It continues like that, but the ship does not sink. It is propelled by the energy of strong feeling and original talent which challenges the traditional rules of navigation. In an instantaneous maneuver it sails each time safely.

new wind of the times, which fills them with the resilient air of motion and does not allow them to collapse in lack of will. This is direct, raw life rather than refined art, but who can measure in what proportions life and art become genuine creativity? Is it not true that we sometimes find the direct opposite, when there is a great deal of art but no life?

Time, the sober analyst, will judge everything. But in the meantime the ship sails on and still no calm is anticipated.

#### FOOTNOTES

1. M. Lobanov, "Superficial Knowledge Promises No Oracles" (MOLODAYA GWARDIYA, No 9, 1965, p 291).
2. "The Long Poem of Alarm" (LITERATURNNOYE OBOZRENIYE, No 12, 1982).

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## CULTURE

## YEVTUSHENKO WANTS MORE SOVIET LITERATURE PUBLISHED IN U.S.

Moscow LITERATURNAYA GAZETA in Russian 26 Feb 86 p 15

[Interview with Yevgeniy Yevtushenko by correspondent Vladimir Simonov; date and place not specified: "Do the Russians Want War?"]

A boy with a violin on the roof of a rail car chugging the kilometers away from besieged Moscow. A scene at the flea market: An old man trades his shoes for a can of honey and disappears barefoot over the loose, squeaky snow.

These biting, piercing images of the war years have suddenly appeared on the American screen and shook the local audience, to which the past war still remains an inarticulate page from a grade-school textbook.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL: "...It is precisely this unrestrained display of raw human passions that gives this film its power," "...an impressive cinematographical debut."

NEWSDAY: "The images and scenes merge into a single whole like rivulets entering a river, the conclusion is emotional and riveting, and by the last frame the author attains that which he does best of all. He creates a poem."

These are reviews of Yevgeniy Yevtushenko's film "Children's Nursery." The picture was purchased by America's International Film Exchange, and it is being shown at the Film Forum--apparently the sole movie theater in New York where the best foreign noncommercial films can be seen.

Official acquisition of Soviet films, and the right to publish books by Soviet authors as well, is unfortunately still a rare event in the USA. The commercial attitudes of the publishing houses and motion picture releasing companies, a phenomenon which may be referred to as "American cultural isolationism," rises as an insurmountable barrier on the path of communication between our peoples.

And culture is far from the principal sacrifice to this spiritual "iron curtain" that has descended over the USA. The vacuum left behind by an unread book, by an unshown film, fills one with mistrust. And mistrust between peoples, between states, is the forerunner of conflict.

In these days, in which the 27th CPSU Congress has started its work in Moscow, the main dilemmas of modern times-- conflict or neighborliness, mutual suspicion of peoples or mutual education and, in the final analysis, the continued existence of our civilization or its destruction--these dilemmas especially trouble thinking Americans.

It was with the attitude of Americans toward war that our New York interview with Yevgeniy Yevtushenko began. This is a discussion of the role of culture in bringing people together or, as it also happens, tearing them apart.

[Question] Much has been written about World War II in the USA, much has been shown on television, and recently the country celebrated the 40th anniversary of the victory together with us, though in its own peculiar way. But then you sit with Americans during a showing of "Children's Nursery" and feel that they still know little about those days. To them, each frame seems to be a discovery, an eye-opener. Did it seem that way to you, Yevgeniy Aleksandrovich?

[Answer] I recall a documentary film about the war made by Roman Karmen and narrated by Burt Lancaster, shown in America with the sadly ironic title "The Unknown War." The film "Children's Nursery" is about a war that is even more unknown to Americans. It is about the war in the rear, about the war of our children, women and elderly.

Who in America is aware of how our children stood on wooden boxes beside machine tools to be able to reach the cutters? How did they turn out the shells that pounded Berlin? And after all, these children's hands also hoisted the Victory Banner.

I would never wish it upon American children to see with their own eyes that which my peers had to witness in those years: the bombings, starvation, the bread ration cards. But at the same time I feel that not knowing about the terrible experience of war is morally dangerous. It is dangerous both to the present generation of Americans and to the growing generation--that which will determine the face of the country tomorrow.

[Question] On the other hand, Yevgeniy Aleksandrovich, young Americans see war every day at home on the screens of their television sets, connected to cable networks and video recorders. I am referring to the footage for which we have thought up the apt term "warnography," on analogy with pornography. Incidentally, following a press conference in Moscow this word began appearing in many local newspapers. People who showed a liking for films like "Rocky" and "Rambo" had some uncomfortable moments.



[Answer] America gave the world a number of fabulous humanistic films from "Big City Lights" and "Citizen Kane" to "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Amadeus," but when I saw "Rambo," I was shaken by the inconsistency between what was happening on the screen and the reactions of the audience, mainly adolescents. This film is one more illustration of the superman theory. Russian people are portrayed in it as some sort of Neanderthals with rapid-fire automatic weapons. The war itself is portrayed as an interesting stroll knee-deep in blood. The film is inept, it has no relationship to art. What value is there in a scene such as this: The hero strokes the head of his dying partner, a Vietnamese spy who had collaborated with the Americans, and in this soul-wrenching instant we pull back to see Rambo showing off his body-builder's biceps.

But the most terrible thing that astounded me was that whenever a Russian was killed, whenever a Vietnamese was torn apart, the audience broke out in triumphant applause. To reproach these American adolescents for being bloodthirsty, for being prepared to kill, would be unjust. It is because of their naivete that they are hypnotized by the lies on the screen. And Rambo is not the only one who has been working here with bare biceps. Films in which Soviet people are destroyed in one way or another are now appearing in droves in America. But if these people do not abandon the Soviet Union forever, they are portrayed as devils. You will not see any positive, normal, thinking Soviet people, and all the more so ones who are not aggressors, on the screen. The whole thing reduces to anecdotes. In one spy film I even met someone with my name, Yevtushenko--he was of course a colonel in the KGB. It is evident that the screenwriter grabbed at the first name that came to him, one which has surfaced from time to time in the American press.

Many Americans attempted to settle me down: Why are you reacting so strongly to innocent nothings like "Rambo"? They are nothing more than commercial escapism.

[Question] There is one other interesting explanation. Prominent American sociologists say that after Geneva, when a ray of light pierced the gloom of Soviet-American relations, these films are perceived as nothing more than pure entertainment.

[Answer] I think that this is a false argument. Once I had the chance to talk with a former veteran of the Vietnam war, one of those who spoke out in condemnation of this adventure later on. Incidentally, he is a Republican, and he now holds a high official post. Anyway, this man began with a request: "Please don't go see 'Rambo'." "Unfortunately, you're a little late, I've already seen it," I replied. Then he said: "Please accept my deepest apologies for this disgraceful concoction. I am embarrassed by it, even though I once did have a direct relationship to Vietnam, where Rambo runs rampant--I lost a leg there."

Such films work on the mistrust between peoples. This is objectively so, no matter what notions of entertainment their authors serve up as excuses. For practical purposes both Sylvester Stallone himself and likeminded people bring the probability of world nuclear catastrophe closer, though it is

unimaginable that subjectively they would wish to do so. After all, this would mean self-annihilation for them.

It seems to me that little is still being said about this paradox of massive anticulture. And it does need to be talked about. It is like a Kamikaze pilot suffering from sclerosis who has forgotten the fate awaiting him.

Real culture, of course, has another purpose. We must not forget that every geographical point, every tiny dot on the map represents life that must be protected. War today is terrible in that the adversaries never see each other's faces. After the red button is pressed, automats do all the rest. But let us imagine a situation in which the favorite book of a certain militaristic general given orders to annihilate Colombia--not the District of Columbia but the country in Latin America--is the novel "One Hundred Years in Isolation" by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Beyond the cross-hairs he immediately sees the motherland of one of the greatest writers of modern times. And beyond the village of Macondo he sees an entire country inhabited by people with characters, people with passions. In short, by people. It seems to me that our abstract militarist might think a little before pressing the button.

Returning to America, we can repeat that which had been said decades ago: Americans continue to see today's Soviet people only through the newspapers. Therefore culture, and motion pictures in particular, being the most widespread art form, can become an instrument for creating fear in bad hands more easily than an instrument of peace in good hands. And the most logical result of mutual fear is war.

I have visited many bookstores here in the States. There isn't even a whiff of Soviet literature on the shelves. With one rare exception--following a long delay, Trifonov's "Starik" ["The Old Man"] has finally appeared--you will never find books by Rasputin, or Belov, or Astafyev, or Granin, or Aytmatov, or Fedor Abramov, or any other prominent Soviet writers.

Americans are deprived of the possibility of seeing the face of the Soviet people through our literature. When you talk with the publishers in this country, you usually hear commercial excuses: We do not have a demand for your literature. And so a vicious circle arises. How can you determine if there is a demand or not when many of the books are simply not translated?

[Question] By the way, one of our "cultureologists," if I may be permitted to use that now-fashionable term, recently proposed this idea in LITERATURNAYA GAZETA: Why not have the Soviet Union pay for the cost, at least part, of translating books by our authors into English? This idea was suggested to the cultureologist by American publishers.

[Answer] We could go that route perhaps. But this would only be a partial solution to the problem. Later on, someone will still have to distribute what is translated. Moreover it seems to me that this variant would somehow be demeaning to our side.

At the same time certain American private funds throw away millions for philanthropic and frequently doubtful purposes. And after all, the mutual relationships between our literatures are directly associated with the mutual relationships between our peoples, and something else that is most important--whether or not mankind will survive--depends directly on this. And American publishers themselves have a direct stake in this as well. How could they possibly justify the situation only with commercial excuses?! This is totally wrong.

From my point of view American publishers are not fulfilling some of their moral responsibilities. For example several years ago they met with our publishers and agreed that the USA would publish a series of Soviet 20th century classics, while our country would publish a similar series by American authors. Our publishers kept their promise, while unfortunately the Americans did not.

Film exchange is about as one-sided as that as well. For example recently an extremely interesting picture on the moral problems of adolescents, "The Breakfast Club," played on American screens. Rolan Bykov's film "Chuchelo" ["Stuffed Animal"] is very reminiscent of it. I am sure that had "Chuchelo" been shown in America, it would have been a substantial box office hit, one which would have brought on considerable discussion, both by adults and by young people. Or for example I managed to see some clips of Sergey Bondarchuk's film on Boris Godunov, in which Bondarchuk once again reveals to us his rare actor's gift. Of course, such a film would have spiritually enriched Americans a hundred times more than "Peter the Great," which was well made, but which is rather vacuous. It's a run-of-the-mill television film that had just recently been aired for six hours on ABC. Incidentally, the American audience would also have liked the two parts of our "Peter the First." I'm sure of that.

The desire to learn about our people is strong in America. Interest here toward us is keen and intense, but it stumbles upon the emptiness of the bookshelves and the muteness of the screen. But we cannot simply point an accusing finger at the American side--much depends on us as well. Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev replied very correctly to a certain Soviet writer in Geneva: "Don't place all of the blame on political leaders. We did reach agreement to widen cultural contacts. Now it's your turn to meet, and to reach agreement with each other. You need to act in the spirit of Geneva."

And this is precisely what I am trying to do here in the States.

In particular, during a talk with Marjorie Claire, the chairman of the "Poets in School" society, we came up with the idea of organizing joint poetic concerts given by the most talented Soviet and American children. Both in Moscow and in New York. In talks with prominent figures of the American motion picture industry such as Warren Beatty and Francis Ford Coppola we touched upon the urgent need for exchange screenings of the 10 best Soviet and American films in the USA and the USSR. The idea of creating a voluntary committee that would coordinate our cultural mutual

relationships came up in talks with writers Norman Mailer, William Styron and Allen Ginsburg.

[Question] It is interesting, Yevgeniy Aleksandrovich, that you had visited the USA before Geneva, when you showed "Children's Nursery" at the Los Angeles Film Festival, and now you have returned after this memorable meeting, after the Soviet idea of embarking upon the third millenium without nuclear weapons became known to the world. How do you feel, has the political atmosphere changed?

[Answer] Without a doubt. The psychology of the Americans is changing for the better before my eyes: They have grown tired of the tension. It is clear to honest, thinking people that this tension has brought mankind to an abyss, and that there is no place else to go. There is only the descent into the bottomless pit of universal annihilation.

The majority of the American people want peace. And this is the origin of their desire to see the real face of our people in Soviet books and films. Dust from fragments of the iron curtain is still irritating the eyes of the average American. This is why we the writers must be eye doctors. Carefully, without damaging the eyes, we must remove this garbage of misinformation which blocks the vision of truth. This would be in keeping with the wishes of the so-called "simple American." Incidentally I don't like this commonly used term--"simple people"--because the simple people are in fact sometimes the ones who are the most complex. Keen and receptive.

I persuaded myself of this time and time again in my performances in American cities with Paul Winter's jazz combo in recent days. Winter's group, his "ecological jazz," will be one of the first swallows of the Soviet-American cultural agreement. And in the meantime they are playing improvisations on the themes of "Glorious Sea, Sacred Baykal" and "Let the Sun Be Forever," and a jazz suite dedicated to the meeting of soldiers of our countries on the Elba. A suite featuring my verses.

And I saw how these most simple Americans perceived such concerts: As a rebirth of the hope that our peoples would once again be able to cooperate, to once again understand each other, as we understood each other on the Elba. One of the veterans of the battlefield embrace at that distant river put it this way to me:

"Nothing brings people together more than the awareness that they have a common enemy. We had a common enemy then--fascism. And we were able to feel our closeness in the common struggle despite the difference in political systems. Do we really have to invent a new fascism before we can once again find a common language!" he exclaimed. "That would be too high a price."

Of course, in general there is no shortage of common enemies. On the contrary, there are too many of them. The veteran counted them on his fingers--the probability of nuclear catastrophe, the hunger that is tearing apart not only the Third World but also the sons of America itself. Diseases--how many diseases there are! And finally, would death itself



not be one of our common enemies? Were we to switch our resources from the arms race to an attack against these common enemies, we could conquer them, said the American I was speaking with.

Here then, are your "simple people," thinking clearly, in keeping with the times, and with historical responsibility.

[Question] There is one other great common threat, Yevgeniy Aleksandrovich, the militarization of space. It seems to me that space has always occupied a special place in the spiritual world of the Russian, the Soviet creator of artistic valuables. Recall Skryabin and his cosmic suites. Recall the Russian avant-garde artists of the beginning of the century, their canvasses which embodied the dreams of faraway stars. In a certain sense, space is a symbol of creative inspiration, of liberation of thought and fantasy from the force of gravity. It is no accident that America's creative intelligence is now turning more and more persistently toward the subject of a peaceful cosmos. The writer Isaac Asimov left the American science fiction writers' society in a sign of protest against the support its leadership has given to the "Star Wars" idea. Yoko Ono, a popular music composer and performer, published a record of her songs titled "Star Peace."

[Answer] Yes, it's a very interesting trend. And it is extremely important. But I cannot separate demilitarization of space from demilitarization of our suffering mother-earth, the soil of which is, I'm sure, composed in large part of the ashes of people killed in innumerable wars. And at the bottom of all of it, in my opinion, is the task of demilitarizing thinking as such. This includes the fight to demilitarize art. It would seem that militarism and art are totally incompatible things, and nonetheless, in the films we discussed earlier there is already a celluloid war going on with the Russians, creating the danger of a real war.

Free exchange of books, exchange of films, exchange of theaters--that is where our salvation lies. But alas, in America everything that appears in our country on stage and on the screen is commonly labeled as some kind of "official art," something which an intelligent "free-thinking" American should avoid. The term "official art" is false through and through. We do of course have both poor books and poor films. But the best of what we do have is real art, art which springs forth from the depths of the people's soul, art that is very bold, truthful and civilian.

This is something America must know.

Otherwise we see things like what happened to me last week when I appeared on a radio show in the city of New York. Listeners telephoned the studio and asked me questions. At one time I received a call from an American lady, not a young one judging by her voice:

"I am so happy to have listened to you, Mr Yevtushenko. Now I know that Russians are human beings."

Clearly, prior to this she had seen us through Rambo's eyes. And we as well--to tell the truth--sometimes portray Americans somewhat primitively



in our films. But the Soviet people do not have such a pathological fear of the Americans as the one elicited in the latter by the movie and newspaper images of the "Red Devils." And this is explained in my opinion chiefly by the fact that Soviet people are much more familiar with American literature, and consequently they can understand American social psychology better. The American, as a part of his people, never appears to us on our screens in nightmares, in the countenance of a sworn arch-enemy.

[Question] And what is the atmosphere in down-home, provincial America?

[Answer] One time I visited the state of Wyoming, the town of Laramie. It's small and cozy but it reminded me very much of Zima station, where I was born. No one from our country had ever visited this city in its entire history, and I turned out to be the first Soviet to visit in the flesh. And, moreover, the first Russian writer. It was a new experience to me in some ways as well. It was there that I saw real cowboys for the first time, not the music hall or western variety. On the screen you usually see them with two guns blazing, and their flights of intellect reduced to thinking about where to get a drink and how much to drink. In fact, however, neither the spiritual content of real cowboys nor their countenance has anything in common with this myth. Yes, these are strong people, tempered by the struggle against the elements, but at the same time they are very reserved, sometimes sentimental, and very sincere and hospitable. Once again I was astounded by how much they resembled Siberians!

Many traveled two to three hundred miles from their ranches to listen to a Soviet poet. To see how my verses struck so deeply into the wide-eyed audience was an unforgettable spectacle to me. Nor can I forget the flame of keen interest that burned within them toward things I said about Soviet literature and about our country.

There were of course some interesting things that happened. I was asked if there are cowboys in the USSR, and if there are, was there some way to organize a cowboy exchange across the ocean. I replied that all we had was the word "kovboyka" [red checkered shirt]. But when you get right down to it, this is not a place for irony: The people are striving for what is most important--for communication, for personal discovery of the Soviet Union, in which they refuse to see a bogeyman. Here I think is the key to mutual understanding between our peoples.

There are also many things that we can learn from the Americans, yes, many things. We could borrow something from their accomplishments in the area of production control, in the "science of business management," we could find out what it is that makes their agriculture so successful, even though this success is not without bankruptcies, without ruin, without human sacrifices, as we know. We could learn from them how to build things quickly and effectively. We could and must catch up to them in the area of introducing information technology, and open the doors of our homes to personal computers.

But I would not like to learn from the Americans how to make films like "Rambo." Nor is there any sense in learning the indifference toward poetry

that unfortunately exists among many Americans. American poets are very rarely seen on television screens.

We also could teach them many things. And it seems to me that professional exchanges are the principal means of learning about the best things that our peoples possess. The validity of this idea was brilliantly demonstrated by physicians Bernard Laun and Yevgeniy Ivanovich Chazov. They are participating in joint symposiums, they are conducting joint operations, but at the same time they are not separating the struggle for the life of each individual from the struggle for the life of mankind as a whole.

At the moment, according to data in HARPERS MAGAZINE, only 24,000 American students are studying Russian, while 4 million Soviet students are studying English. Now that is a strange balance.

[Question] Americans are displaying enormous interest in our country's internal life. Americans know quite well that the 27th CPSU Congress, a historic event which will surely have a serious influence upon the international situation as a whole and upon Soviet-American relations in particular, has begun. What hopes are Americans expressing?

[Answer] I became clearly persuaded from my meetings and discussions that thinking people in this country have given a very high assessment to our recent peace proposals. The Soviet idea of annihilating all nuclear weapon reserves in 15 years is something that Americans really closely identify with; they are struck by the nobility of this idea.

People far from politics--farmers, technocrats, the cowboys we talked about--are listening today to news from Moscow with enormous attention. They hope that the results of the congress will become a new message of peace addressed to all peoples of the planet. Including the people of the United States of America.

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## CULTURE

### UZBEK WRITERS' UNION CRITICIZED IN LEADER'S SPEECH

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 1 November 1985 carries on pages 3 and 4 a 5,000-word speech by Ulmas Umarbekov, first secretary of the Uzbek SSR Writers Union, delivered to the Ninth Congress of the union and titled "Literature and Life." In the last 5 years republic writers have written a number of works that meet the demands of the age; unfortunately he notes, contemporary themes have not formed the major leitmotif for all authors. In accordance with the decisions of the 16th and subsequent plenums of the Uzbek CP Central Committee, writers must depict the positive changes taking place in social life and expose the ills that impede progress. To the contrary, some writers have become well known for trying to show that black is white, that acts of self-interest or breaking of socialist laws are civic courage. This is true, the first secretary states, of Sa'dulla Karomatov's novel "The Last Dune" and some other works in which people who exploit their positions to commit crimes are praised to the skies and depicted as positive heroes.

In the last 5 years over 100 documentary works have been created. The main criterion for documentary works is the same as that for artistic works, namely the author's worldview and his clear party and civic position. The slightest deviation from these principles leads to great ideological confusion, states Umarbekov. He gives as an example of this Mamadali Mahmudov's novel "Immortal Cliffs"--because the author was unable correctly to evaluate past events, he created a work that confuses readers and is politically in error. Umarbekov faults the editors of the journal SHARQ YULDUZI for printing the work without a serious review.

The speaker notes that in recent years few works have been written that depict the harmfulness of religious vestiges. Only Komil Yashin's novel "Khamza" can be mentioned in this regard. Writers are urged to show initiative and creativity in exposing religious vestiges; this task Umarbekov believes, can be carried out in works on both historical and contemporary themes.

Unfortunately, the first secretary states, little attention has been paid to life in the Soviet Army; only the works of Nazarmat and Vladislav Stulovskiy can be cited. It is a great shortcoming that military life and the courage of Soviet youths in carrying out their internationalist duty in Afghanistan are not reflected in Uzbek literature.

A large number of young authors entered the literary scene during the report period, many of whom are writing interesting and positive works. At the same time, some young writers are cited as lacking a clear civic position; they are said to be aloof from the people's life and apathetic toward the fate and heroic stature of workers. Shortcomings were also found in the area of children's literature. Authors are criticized for not taking an appropriate attitude toward problems of school reform; many of their works do not meet today's demands. Happily, Umarbekov states, a publishing house for children's literature, along the lines of "Detskaya literatura," will soon be opened in the republic.

The status of international thematics in journalistic works was also considered to be unsatisfactory. Umarbekov remarks that themes of anti-imperialism and anticolonialism must have a broad and firm place in literature. Asqad Mukhtor recently wrote the novel "Amu," which made readers familiar with the political, cultural, and socioeconomic life of Afghanistan and its struggle against imperialist provocations; according to the speaker such works serve to educate the younger generation in a patriotic and fraternal spirit.

Umarbekov also discussed serious shortcomings in the areas of translation and literary criticism. In regard to the latter, he stresses that criticism can be extremely helpful to writers in correcting shortcomings. The poet Shukrullo and the young writers Mamadali Mahmudov and Toghay Murod have taken the correct attitude toward such principled and objective criticism.

Umarbekov notes that, during the report period, shortcomings were permitted in the organizational and creative work of the Writers Union. Because of the unjustified expansion of the union's secretariat, its vigilant attitude slackened some ideologically and professionally immature people entered its ranks. Measures to cut down on unnecessary meetings and paperwork are cited. Members are urged to rely on collegiality in decisionmaking and to eliminate the quarreling, lack of cordiality, and pettiness that have cropped up in recent years.

#### CONTROVERSIAL UZBEK FILM ON REVOLUTIONARY WRITER DEFENDED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 21 November 1985 carries on page 4 a 1,700-word article by Doctor of Philology Hafiz Abdusamtoev titled "Heart of the People" in which he discusses the recently finished 17-part television movie "Fiery Roads," which depicts the activities of Khamza Khakimzada, founder of Uzbek Soviet literature. Ten years in the making, the series is to be shown on Central Television. Written by Komil Yashin, B. Privalov, and Sh. Abbosov and directed by Abbosov, the film reflects the history and struggle of the Uzbek people in the figure of Khamza. Scenes depict his meetings with General Frunze, President Akhunbabayev, the revolutionary Sokolov, the poet Zavqi, the chekist Abdusalomov, and the nationalist Olchinbek. Prominence is given to Khamza's outrage at the injustice, oppression, and ills of the past, and his struggle with clerics.



However, the depiction of events that are said not to have been part of Khamza's experience has sparked debate. Some viewers have accused the authors of deviating from the truth and distorting reality. The author points out that the film does not intend to portray Khamza's actions alone but also deeds that he might have done and that are keeping with his character. Although he certainly never met with the Indian writer Tagore, had such a meeting taken place, the author feels, wonderful thoughts would have been exchanged. The films' authors are said realistically to present how such a conversation would have sounded. Similarly, although Khamza did not take part in revolutionary activities abroad or in battles at home, the author states that such acts were not contrary to his spirit. The basic thing is the portrayal of the spirit of the period and this, the author believes, is successfully achieved in the film. Moreover, the film is seen to have current relevance in its depiction of Khamza's murder by religious zealots and his struggle against superstition. Because it succeeds in presenting the figure of Khamza with breadth and grandeur, Abdusamtoev believes that "Fiery Roads" may be considered a great event in Soviet film.

#### UZBEK CINEMATOGRAPHY RIPPED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 25 December 1985 carries on page 1 a 1,400-word lead editorial titled "Urgent Tasks of the Cinematic Art" which discusses important tasks facing republic cinematography in the area of strengthening ties between the people and life, providing a correct artistic portrayal of socialist reality, and exposing all the ills that impede progress. In recent years various films have portrayed the great changes taking place in social life, the constructive work of the party, and the fight to implement Leninist ideas of people's friendship. However, the editorial notes that not all the films made by Uzbekfilm, Uzbektelefilm, and documentary film studios are ideologically and artistically acceptable. Few films have achieved local let alone national popularity and respect. Few films expose ills like bribery, theft, false reporting, localism, and nepotism. According to the article, film critics take a complacent stance toward empty, mediocre, and shallow films. The Uzbek SSR State Committee for Cinematography is cited as being tolerant toward bad scripts and the lack of a clear plan in film production. In general, the work of script writing must be completely rebuilt according to the editorial, so that scripts reflect the demands of the 16th Plenum of the Uzbek CP Central Committee. Republic cinematographers rarely turn to the great changes taking place in Soviet life. Both urban and rural theaters prefer to show ideologically weak foreign films; for example, the Navoi Theater in Samarkand presents a monthly bill consisting of 90 percent foreign films. Cinematographers are urged to present to youth ideologically and artistically finished films. Theater filials should be set up at schools and dormitories to help instill in youth a love for the theater. Cases of illegal use of movie projector equipment must be stopped. It is noted that the repertoire of theaters in Tashkent and large industrial centers is at an extremely low level and rarely includes films translated into Uzbek and Karakalpak. In addition to problems in the construction and equipment fields, slackness has been shown in the selection,



placement, and education of cadres in cinematography. Party, soviet, and trade union organizations are urged to improve cinematic products and services; cinema workers must analyze their work and consider how they can bring current problems to the screen.

#### PUBLICATION OF UZBEK FOLK LITERATURE DISCUSSED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 13 December 1985 carries on page 5 a 600-word commentary by B. Sharipov, chief editor at the Uzbek SSR State Committee for Publishing Houses, Printing Plants and Book Trade, titled "We're Interested in Reading Folk Epics" in which he responds to a letter complaining about the absence of Uzbek folk epics in local libraries and asking why such works are not printed more often. Sharipov stated that republic publishing houses pay special attention to printing such works because they reflect progressive tendencies in the people's history and have great importance in enriching the worldview and love of homeland of youth. In recent years, he states, dozens of collections of epics, songs, proverbs, and tales have been published, especially in cooperation with scholars of the Pushkin Institute of Language and Literature. In 1981-1986 more than 40 books that include various specimens of folk literature appeared. At the same time, the oral literature of peoples of fraternal republics and other countries has been made available, including collections of Russian, Eastern, Vietnamese, and Angolan folk tales.

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## SOCIAL ISSUES

### THEFT RAMPANT AT UZBEK VOCATIONAL, TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 20 November 1985 carries on page 3 a 1,200-word article by T. Khonkhojaye, department chief at the Uzbek SSR People's Control Committee, titled "Lack of Discipline at Schools" in which he reports the results of an investigation of the use of material and financial resources by republic vocational and technical schools. Results show that serious defects are being permitted at 12 schools in Samarkand Oblast and 6 schools in Fergana. Poor accounting, incorrect inventories, and failure to register materials are cited as creating conditions that facilitate theft. The author states that numerous financially accountable people are taking school materials for themselves. Over 15,000 rubles worth of materials were stolen by 22 people in Samarkand and another 1,500 rubles worth in inventories are missing. Similar shortages are said to exist in Fergana. At one school 4,000 rubles worth of record players, cameras, and motorcycles are missing. There are numerous instances of neglect and waste of valuable equipment. According to Khonkhojaye some schools cannot provide meals, clothing, and stipends to students because the funds for these purposes have been embezzled. The author observes that all of the automobiles assigned to the investigated schools are being kept at the homes of officials and used for personal purposes. There are also defects in the appropriation of allocations. In 1984, 146,000 rubles were allocated to Samarkand schools for buying inventory and equipment, but only 77,600 rubles of this were spent. These problems arise from the failure of the Samarkand and Fergana Oblast Vocational and Technical Education Administrations and their chiefs (U. Doniyorov and I. Fozilov) to establish strict supervision over state and financial discipline at schools. Inspections are said to be conducted at low level. In 1984 cases of shortages, personal appropriations, and theft in Samarkand amounted to 20,500 rubles, of which only 1,000 rubles were retrieved. Control over the selection and work of people in financially accountable positions is unsatisfactory. The Uzbek SSR State Committee for Vocational and Technical Education is urged to establish strict supervision over this sector. Leaders of administrations and schools are encouraged to implement measures to strengthen party and state discipline and the responsibility of leaders, and take action to eliminate shortcomings in the field of preserving and utilizing state property.

#### UzSSR: NAVOI OBLAST JUDGE ON WANING FIGHT AGAINST DRUNKENNESS

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 26 November 1985 carries on page 4 a 1,100-word article by M. Mominov, chairman of the Navoi Oblast People's Court, titled "Is Vodka a Comfort to the Heart?" in which he states that his own experience in trying numerous criminal cases involving drunkenness indicates that the fight against alcoholism and drunkenness has slackened in recent years and taken the form of campaigning. Party, soviet, trade union, and public organizations he states, are complacent toward many aspects of the problem, but particularly toward excessive drinking at weddings. When it comes to implementing measures that would restrict excess at weddings the author observes that some sort of "objective" excuse is found to circumvent them. Mominov cites a recent case in which a wedding party turned into a tragedy on Telman Sovkhoz in Kanymekh rayon. A certain Doniyor Dostonbekov came to a wedding held by the Jarilqosinov family, got falling down drunk, and started a fight with another man. After the fight was stopped Dostonbekov grabbed a knife and waited in ambush outside. When the man came out with friends Dostonbekov attacked him, but stabbed to death one of the friends. Dostonbekov was sentenced to 15 years. Mominov attributes part of the blame to the Jarilqosinov family for providing so much liquor at the wedding, and also to the farm's party, soviet, trade union, and komsomol organizations, whose indifference permitted such a wedding to be held. The court recommended to the Kanymekh Rayispolkom that responsible leaders be punished, but thus far no action has been taken against them. Mominov believes that the activities of law and order organs in Navoi Oblast do not comply with party demands regarding the fight against such ills. Lectures on the harmful effects of alcohol are not held regularly by farms, enterprises, and establishments. Police and court members are often tolerant toward people addicted to alcohol who live in their territories. Strict action is always taken against violations of order in the sale of alcoholic beverages. Sometimes, the author notes, law and order workers themselves commit crimes. For example, I. Hamidov, an official of the Navoi City Internal Affairs Department, recently violated public order in a drunk state and committed hooliganism. Mominov demands that law and order workers set an example for others, eliminate shortcomings, and wage an unrelenting fight against drunkenness.

#### UZBEK MINISTER OF JUSTICE ON COURT PURGE

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 28 December 1985 carries on page 2 a 1,500-word article by B. Olimjon, Uzbek SSR minister of justice, titled "Urgent Task" in which he discusses steps taken to purge republic people's courts and justice organs of unacceptable people. The ministry produced and is implementing measures to improve the quality of cadres and their work, raise the level of organizational leadership over courts, and ensure the impartiality of judges. There are 203 people's courts with 360 judges in the republic, as well as the Karakalpak and Uzbek Supreme Courts, Tashkent City, and 12 oblast courts.

In purifying court organs the ministry recognized that they had not been fulfilling their duty to fight crime and prevent violations of law and order, and that complaints over the slowness of court proceedings were justified. Moreover, the fairness and impartiality of some court decisions were questionable. The author states that some judges, particularly young ones, lack the necessary experience to hand down fair sentences, so that deficiencies appear in their work. I.I. Erkaboyev, Fergana City judge, grossly violated laws and failed to observe schedules for trying cases. Sh. Nurmetov, Urgench City judge, grossly violated the law in punishing an innocent citizen. Both judges were removed from their positions before their terms were up. Party organizations provided assistance in the removals of S.M. Abdullayev, Beruniy Rayon judge, for issuing light sentences to bribe-takers, thieves, and speculators, and Kh.T. Sulaymonov, Piskent Rayon judge, for abuse of his position, arrogance, and self-interest. A. Qurbanov, Mekhnatabad Rayon judge, and I. Boltayev, Fergana Oblast court member, were punished for taking bribes.

Olimyon states that the ministry's leadership and party organization have reviewed personnel from the viewpoint of the directives of the 16th Plenum and have sacked numerous officials for abusing their position. Greater supervision is being placed over the correct implementation of the law by courts. More stress is being laid on observance of laws concerning the preservation of socialist property, producing higher quality goods, strengthening labor discipline, halting drunkenness, and deception of the state in industry and agriculture.

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## REGIONAL ISSUES

### UZBEK RESISTANCE TO MACHINE HARVESTING SCORED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 5 November 1985 carries on page 3 a 2,200-word article by correspondent N. Sa"dullayev titled "Machine Harvesting Is a Big Political and Social Problem" in which he decries the continued opposition to machine harvesting of cotton despite repeated demonstrations of its superiorities. Some farmers object that machinery lowers the quality of the cotton or damages the fiber; Sa"dullayev states that these objections are groundless. It is extremely important for party, soviet, komsomol, and farm organizations to take a clear, uncompromising position against such resistance. Sa"dullayev gives an example from this past year: nearly 17,000 of the republic's 36,000 harvesters were not in operation; this year a similar situation is developing. The author observes that only 1,580 of the 3,553 harvesters in Kashkadarya Oblast are in operation, despite the fact that farms obtain consistently higher results using machinery. Statistics from Namangan Oblast highlight the results which are possible. From 1 September to 20 October 1984, oblast farmers harvested 369,000 tons of cotton, including 104,000 tons by machine; for the same period in 1985 they harvested 377,000 tons, including 119,000 tons by machine. The author states that throughout the republic, too many farms still depend on urban and student help. This reliance, he says, increases costs--e.g., for transport, meals, and other services--and slows the harvest pace, consequently delaying preparations for next year's crop. Another problem, he notes, is that some farm workers tend to their own private plots and neglect harvest work. Although farms have an adequate labor force, such practices force them to make up the shortage by importing labor. As a result of these and other factors work production per machine is declining and costs are rising. Thus far this year only 2 million tons have been harvested by machine instead of the 3 million tons pledged by farmers. Once again, the author states, it will be necessary to bring in labor from the cities to complete the harvest. What is needed is a broad adoption of the experience of the Namanganians.

### UZBEK WORK IN IVANOV OBLAST DISCUSSED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 21 November 1985 carries on page 3 an 800-word article by O. Bobojonov titled "Uzbekistan to the Nonchernozem Zone" in which he notes that since January 1975 Uzbek workers of the Ivanovirsovkhozstroy Trust have helped change the appearance of many rayons in Ivanovo Oblast. During the 11th 5-Year Plan the trust took



on the obligation of appropriating nearly 100 million rubles in capital funds for reclaiming new lands. Recently workers built the Rogatinsk Reservoir with a volume of 700,000 cubic meters water and a broad irrigation network on the Druzhba Sovkhoz. A major project of workers has been the Uzbekistan Sovkhoz. Thus far workers have reclaimed 1,500 hectares of land; built 2,000 square meters of housing, a secondary school, dispensary, kitchen, tea house, kindergarten, a grain cleaning complex, a central heating station, and other facilities; and are working on a garage and large animal husbandry complex. The sovkhoz now has plumbing, sewage, and electricity. Bobojonov notes that the beginning of every job is difficult, but Uzbek workers have dedicated their strength and energy to bringing to life the unproductive lands of the Nonchernozem.

#### NEW ANGREN GRES TO START UP IN UZBEKISTAN

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 26 November 1985 carries on page 1 a 200-word item from UzTAG titled "On the Eve of Commissioning the New Angren GRES" that reports that builders of the new station have begun putting final touches on its second energy bloc. The turbogenerators are being oiled prior to the start-up of the units. The second bloc of the GRES will have a capability of 300,000 kilowatts and will be joined to the Central Asian Integrated Energy System.

#### ATOMIC ENERGY EXHIBIT IN TASHKENT

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 14 November 1985 carries on page 4 a 400-word article by U. Fayziyeva titled "Strength Is Peace" in which she notes that a mobile exhibit called "The Atom in the Service of Peace" has opened at the Uzbek SSR Exhibit of Achievements of the National Economy in Tashkent. Organized through the initiative of the USSR State Committee for Utilization of Atomic Energy and the Nuclear Physics Institute of the Uzbek SSR Academy of Sciences, the exhibit tells about work being carried out in area of the peaceful exploitation of atomic energy and the various ways this energy is used in the national economy. Instruments and equipment developed by scholars of the Nuclear Physics Institute are included in the exhibit.

#### CHINESE UIGHURS VISIT TASHKENT

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 12 November 1985 carries on page 3 a 100-word item from UzTAG titled "Guests from the PRC" which states that a delegation of members of the Chinese Friendship Society and the Chinese-Soviet Friendship Society in the PRC Xingjian-Uighur Autonomous Region, under the leadership of Xingjian University rector Nurshrit, arrived in Tashkent. The guests toured the Lenin Museum, and other sites in the city, then visited Secondary School 59 and a crafts factory. On

11 November the delegation was received by S.U. Sultonova, deputy chairwoman of the Uzbek SSR Council of Ministers.

#### TASHKENT SCHOOL'S CHINESE PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 6 November 1985 carries on page 4 a 200-word item from UzTAG titled "This Is a Place Where..." which states that Secondary School 59 in Tashkent has a special program for teaching Chinese history, literature, and language. Students participate in circles outside the class that strengthen their studies and also correspond with Chinese students in Beijing and Harbin. Next year will mark the 30th year in which Chinese has been taught at the school.

#### FOREIGN STUDENTS IN TASHKENT NOTED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 17 November 1985 carries on page 4 a 200-word item from UzTAG titled "We Study in Tashkent" which appears in conjunction with International Students Day. Foreign students seeking a modern specialized education can realize their aims in Tashkent. Presently, more than 3,500 young men and women from 79 countries are studying in the capital. Among them are some 200 students from 16 countries enrolled at the Tashkent Textile and Light Industry Institute.

#### UZBEK WRITER DISCUSSES TRIP TO HUNGARY

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 1 November 1985 carries on page 7 a 1,100-word article by Hamid Ghulom, Uzbek People's writer and Laureate of the USSR State Prize, titled "Fruits of Friendship" in which he discusses some aspects of his trip to Hungary as a member of a USSR Writers Union delegation attending the Days of Soviet Culture in Hungary. The delegates held a number of literary evenings and also visited the Rakosi Cooperative in Solnok Province. While in Budapest Ghulom talked with Peter Kardos, chief engineer at the Energy Institute. Kardos and a group of specialists had been in Uzbekistan to work at the Syrdarya GRES, where they produced a plan for water purification and other equipment. This equipment subsequently was manufactured in Hungary and installed by the specialists. Ghulom notes that during various literary evenings several Hungarians showed familiarity with certain Uzbek works, including Alisher Navoi's "Farhod and Shirin," the epic "Alpamish," and some modern novels. The Hungarian poets Gabor Garoi and Laslo Bales are engaged in translating Uzbek poetry into Hungarian. In addition, Ivan Feldeak, senior consultant to the Hungarian Writers Union, is translating Adil Yakubov's novel "Ulugbek's Treasure" into Hungarian.

## UZBEK ROUNDTABLE ON SCI-TECH PROGRESS

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 18 December 1985 carries on pages 3 and 4 a 5,600-word article titled "On the Path of Acceleration" which reports the proceedings of a roundtable held on the topic of ways to accelerate scientific and technological progress. Participating in the roundtable were: S. Rizayev, deputy chief of the Department of Science and Schools of the Uzbek CP Central Committee; T. Rashidov, vice president of the Uzbek SSR Academy of Sciences; Z. Salimov, Uzbek SSR deputy minister of higher and secondary specialized education; and other specialists. Rizayev emphasized that all sectors of the republic's economy must be refitted with modern equipment. Primary party organizations are to play a big role in changing the attitudes of specialists, designers, and technicians toward new technology. Although many communists have a modern outlook and prestige within their collectives, Rizayev says that there remain a number of party secretaries and buro members who do not know how to organize party control over the introduction of advances into production. Rashidov states that the scientific community is aware of its responsibility to play a greater role in changing the quality of production forces and intensifying production growth. In the 11th 5-Year Plan academy scholars completed 880 research and experimental design works, and in 1985 put 238 scientific findings into practice. Yet, he observes, practical application is below demand. Sometimes findings are introduced only at a few enterprises or farms, and never become disseminated sufficiently to make a difference. Rizayev notes that there are a number of shortcomings in organizing research and utilizing reserves at higher and secondary specialized schools. Salimov agrees, adding that the volume of research per teacher at these schools is three times lower than the national average. Rizayev advises that the theoretical level of research at VUZes, academic establishments, and institutes is also below national standards, due to shortcomings in planning and organizing research. Salimov proposes five ways to accelerate progress in this area: 1) correct planning and research at higher schools; 2) coordinating the efforts of scientists to concentrate on important economic problems and forming inter-VUZ programs for this purpose; 3) establishing a VUZ scientific production union to serve research at republic schools; 4) strengthening ties between research, findings, and application; 5) expanding the number of scientific production unions and research laboratories. Rizayev remarks that there are serious problems in training cadres needed by the republic economy. Solution of these problems requires improving the work of vocational counseling, strengthening secondary, vocational, and technical schools, and allocating modern equipment to them. Each year he says, VUZes turn out 60,000 and secondary specialized schools 100,000 specialists. But many of these do not grasp modern methods and machinery or know how to use computers. Moreover, the majority of students at VUZes and tekhnikums receive only average grades and after graduation are not prepared to solve production problems.

#### UZBEK CYBERNETICS CHIEF DISCUSSES AUTOMATION

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 6 December 1985 carries on page 2 a 1,700-word article by Vosil Qobulov, chief director of the Kibernetika Scientific Production Union of the Uzbek SSR Academy of Sciences, titled "Cybernetics and the Age" in which he reviews the introduction of cybernetics into the republic's economy, makes general remarks on the nature of cybernetics, and stresses the importance of computers. Since 1978 nearly 110 information processing centers and 200 automated management systems have been organized in the republic. In 1979 a republic automated management system was commissioned and a second is nearing completion. In the future enterprise, ministry, and territorial systems are to be joined to the republic system and all of them will be linked up with the main Gosplan system. The collective of Kibernetika currently is studying robotics, using the Motor and other plants in Tashkent as experimental bases. Plans call for commissioning roboticized lines at these plants in 1986. Scholars are also interested in the theory of intelligent robots, the use of computers to regulate cotton cultivation processes, and automation of various phases in the medical and teaching fields.

#### UZBEK SPECIALISTS PROPOSE COMPUTER TEACHING IMPROVEMENTS

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 10 December 1985 carries on page 4 a 1,100-word article by Doctor of Technical Sciences H. Ikromova, laboratory director at Kibernetika Scientific Production Union, and Docent M. Najmitdinova, department chairwoman at Tashkent State Pedinstitute, titled "Students and Computers" in which they propose ways to improve the teaching of computers at schools. Following a largely abstract discussion of computer literacy, mathematical models, and algorithms, they make the following proposals: specialized secondary schools should be established for teaching with computers, and these and other such centers should be supplied with the latest computer equipment. Republic scientific research institutes and computer centers should set up study rooms equipped with terminals linked to computers so that students can sit before the screens and talk with computers. Study rooms of every school in the republic should be supplied with personal microcomputers of the "Agat" type which can display information, including color graphics. The authors acknowledge that there are certain difficulties facing this work, including the lack of skilled cadres, a poor material base, and weak methodology. However, they feel that a start must be made somewhere.

#### FERGANA CANAL WATER UNDRINKABLE

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 20 December 1985 carries on page 2 a 500-word comment by A. Mamajonov, chief of the service department of Fergana Oblast Sanitation and Epidemiology Station, titled "Is the Canal Water Drinkable?" in which he responds to a letter asking whether the water of the Fergana Canal has become a danger to health and who



is responsible for keeping the water clean. Mamajonov points out that in recent years, in order to cope with the water shortage in the Fergana Valley, waste and run-off water from drainage systems has been diverted into the canal. In fact, all such water is being diverted. Laboratory analysis shows that the water is so polluted that it must be oiled before drinking it to avoid stomach and intestinal diseases. Despite this some communities along the canal are obliged to use its water because piped water is still not available to most villages in the valley. Appeals have been made to organs responsible for installing plumbing, but to no avail. In the meantime, drinking water is trucked into some villages, and efforts to explain to villagers the need to boil water first are being stepped up. This problem affects not only the Great Fergana Canal but all the other canals in the valley. Mamajonov observes that industrial enterprises are pouring their wastes into water basins and grossly violating sanitation and hygiene regulations, despite frequent appeals.

#### UZBEK PRODUCTION SHORTFALLS CREATE CONCERN

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 17 December 1985 carries on page 1 a 1,300-word lead editorial titled "Great Plans, Clear Tasks" which states that the recent 2nd session of the 11th convocation of the Uzbek SSR Supreme Soviet not only confirmed the state plan and budget for 1986, but also revealed serious shortcomings in the republic economy. This year, the republic meat and dairy, construction, and rural construction industries, Glavtashkentstroy, and enterprises under union ministries of the gas, chemical, coal, metallurgy, and mineral fertilizer industries, did not meet their plans. The editorial states that there are serious shortcomings in agriculture, particularly in the production of cotton, grain, and fruit and vegetables. The KKASSR, Bukhara, Navoi, Dzhizak, Kashkadarya, Samarkand, and Khorezm Oblast, and 68 other rayons were cited as not meeting their cotton harvest goals; republic-wide only 37 percent of the crop was harvested by machine. Because steps were not taken to organize properly in capital construction, nearly 300 million rubles of capital allocations were not appropriated, and commissioning of public and municipal projects remains far in arrears, states the editorial. The task consists of taking a positive, firm, highly disciplined, and self-sacrificing approach to plan assignments; bringing into action the enormous reserves that exist; establishing firm supervision over the fulfillment of plans; and strengthening state and plan discipline.

#### UZBEK ROUNDTABLE DISCUSSES LABOR, MINERAL RESOURCES

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 28 December 1985 carries on page 3 a 3,600-word article titled "The Economic Strategy of the CPSU" which reports the proceedings of a roundtable discussion of the best means of utilizing republic labor and natural resources, and of developing smaller cities and centers. Professor Doctor of Economics Sh. Zokirov points out that 82 percent of industrial production is located in large- and medium-



sized cities, while the major part of the population is located in smaller centers and rural areas. Thus, various types of labor-intensive sectors must be created in small cities where expenditure of labor in industry is limited. He states that enterprises in large cities should establish various specialized shops of the filial type in small cities in order to amplify the industrial complex. Candidate of economics T. Musayeva supports the development of labor-intensive sectors. This form should be developed among women, the majority of whom are engaged in housework and work on private plots. Musayeva states that most of them could do cottage industry work. Professor Doctor of Economics A. Eshmuhamedov says that the republic's natural resources are not being utilized fully. The present raw materials base could support the development of several sectors of heavy industry. Of the 89 most important fuel and mineral resources found in Uzbekistan 22 have interregional importance and 38 can be used in the region's economy in the future. Although Uzbekistan has its own potential uses for them, most of its coal, bentonite, fire-resistant brick, calcified and caustic sodas, table salt, and potassium are shipped to other regions of the country. Some minerals are only rarely used in the republic's economy; for example, more than 30,000 tons of phosphogypsum has accumulated at Uzbek chemical plants because the construction and cement industries make little use of it.

#### UZBEK MINISTER ON ENERGY WORKERS DAY

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 22 December 1985 carries on page 2 a 600-word article by A.Kh. Khamidov, Uzbek SSR minister of power and electrification, in which he comments on developments in conjunction with Energy Workers Day. Republic energy workers met their 11th 5-Year Plan goals on 2 September this year. During the past 5 years they have produced nearly 206 billion kilowatt hours electric energy, or 8.2 percent over plan and 40 percent over the 10th 5-Year Plan. In addition, they produced 6.7 million gigacalories, or 37 percent more thermal energy than in the 10th 5-Year Plan. Khamidov observes that the Uzbek unified energy system has a capability of 9.6 million kilowatts, which is superior to that in industrialized capitalist countries like Finland, Austria, Portugal, Denmark, and Greece; in Asia it is only behind that of Japan and India. By the end of this year electric stations under the ministry will have produced 46.9 billion kwh, Khamidov states. Over 620 million rubles of fixed assets were commissioned. Power generation capabilities were commissioned at Syrdarya and Navoi GREs and Gazalkent GES, and the first units were started up at the New Angren GRES and the Mubarak TETS. The Uzbek unified energy system supplies electric energy to 11,000 industrial enterprises, 66,000 rural economic consumers, 135,000 municipal services, and 2.5 million customers.

#### REPORT ON TASHKENT GRES PRODUCTION

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 22 December 1985 carries on pages 1 and 2 a 1,200-word article by Qobil Mirsiddiqov, senior machinist at Tashkent GRES, titled "Spreading the Light" in which he discusses

work methods and relations at the Tashkent GRES, and also mentions some production figures. The GRES was commissioned in 1965 with the capability of 150,000 kilowatts. Later, 11 energy blocs were installed, bringing the station up to its planned capability in 1975. Presently, it is considered the largest heating and electricity station with open-style instruments in the Soviet Union. This year, Mirsiddiqov states, the station produced more than 10 billion kwh electric energy.

#### SHURTAN GAS PURIFICATION COMPLEX COMMISSIONED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent SOVET OZBEKISTONI in Uzbek on 19 December 1985 carries on page 3 a 100-word item from UzTAG titled "'The Blue Flame' of Shurtan" which reports that the first stage of a complex to purify gas of sulphur content has been commissioned at Shurtan in the Karshi Steppe. The complex will have the planned capability of processing 4 billion cubic meters of gas annually, and will make it possible to increase gas excavation by 2.5 times. The purified gas is sent to all Central Asian republics, Kazakhstan, and the European part of the country. In accordance with a program of economic cooperation, Bulgarian specialists are taking part in building the complex.

#### AFGHAN UZBEK POETRY DISCUSSED

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 25 December 1985 carries on page 7 a 1,400-word article by Ahmadjon Luqmonov titled "Lights of the Revolution" in which he discusses and gives samples of the poetry of Uzbeks living in Afghanistan. Under the leadership of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan the Afghan people have fought both internal and foreign elements and made definite progress in their economic, social, and cultural life. At the same time the author observes that Afghan Uzbeks have achieved unparalleled development in literature and culture. New poetic talents have appeared who sing of the April Revolution, including Ashraf Azimiy, Abdusalom Osim, Ishoq Sano, Osifa Shodob, Oydin Khayri, Toshqin Bahoiy, and Zukrullo Ishonch.

#### AFGHAN OFFICIALS TOUR UZBEKISTAN

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 31 December 1985 carries on page 7 a 200-word item titled "Guests of our Editorial Office" which reports that an Afghan delegation toured the republic from 22 to 30 December. The group consisted of Nur Akbar, executive secretary of the Afghanistan National Homeland Front, Farid Ahmad, an official of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan, and Abdulla Royin, chief editor of the newspaper YULDUZ, which is published in Uzbek in Afghanistan. The guests toured the Lenin Museum and other sites in Tashkent and elsewhere. They were guests of the Uzbek Friendship and Homeland Societies. During a visit to the

newspaper the Afghans spoke about the socioeconomic changes taking place in their country.

#### UZBEKS INTERESTED IN AMERICAN WRITER

[Editorial Report] Tashkent OZBEKISTON ADABIYOTI VA SAN"ATI in Uzbek on 25 December 1985 carries on page 7 a 600-word article by Elmira Muratova, senior teacher at the Tashkent State Foreign Languages Pedinstitute, titled "Indefatigable Fighter for Peace" in which she responds to a reader's request for more information about the American writer James Jones. She states that even as capitalist countries such as the United States worsen international tensions by stepping up the arms race, there are also progressive forces in the West that call for an end to the arms race and warn about the unparalleled destruction a new war would bring. Famous American authors like E. Hemmingway and D. Passos who saw the terrible sufferings of the Second World War [as published] were active fighters for peace. Another such author was James Jones (1921-1977). His novels, which began to appear at the end of the 1940's, exposed actual conditions in the army as well as the falsehoods of American life. Muratova notes that he was motivated chiefly by the realization that the problem of war and peace would not lose its currency as long as imperialism and fascism exist in the world. In his novel "The Thin Red Line" the writer exposed the true nature of the war waged by the United States in Southeast Asia, states the author. The works of James Jones make readers feel that no one has the right to stand aloof from the fate of mankind and that everyone should contribute to the work of peace.

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